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A Journal of Opinion

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Improbable Battle

One of the most improbable battles of the war has been fought in an area where no engagement of such decisive importance can have been foreseen, either by the Germans or by the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force. The battle, for control of the mouth of the Schelde River, and thus of the approaches to the great port of Antwerp, may prove to be just as important in determining the length of the war in Europe as the other and equally fierce battles in which American forces have been trying to break through the West Wall. On the Schelde, the offensive has been entrusted to Lieutenant General H. D. G. Crerar's Canadian First Army, in which British and Polish troops also are brigaded.

However much the late Field Marshal Rommel may have overestimated the opportunities for turning back General Eisenhower's armies in a war of maneuver in the early days of the liberation of Europe, there can be no doubt that the colder, more calculating Field Marshal von Rundstedt foresaw the likelihood that all France would be lost in a short time—although it is probable that he expected the Somme line to hold longer than it did. As a result of von Rundstedt's calculations, German commanders in western French ports were psychologically and materially well prepared for the assignment when they were told to use their forces as suicide rearguards and demolition squads. These troops might have little value in the field against victorious Allied armies, but they could at least deny the Allies, for weeks or months, the use of ports which, with the onset of autumn, would be essential to continued Allied progress.

Efficient Demolition

Even at Cherbourg, which fell comparatively quickly, the German demolition squads did excellent work. (Rear Admiral Hennecke, who commanded them, well earned his latest decoration from Hitler.) It was two months after Cherbourg's capture before the first Allied supply ship unloaded in its harbor. At Brest the delay was far greater; at this writing, Lorient and St. Nazaire remain in German hands, with garrisons of two to three divisions which show no willingness to surrender. Bordeaux was liberated too late for such a remote port to be of value in the campaign. Le Havre was utterly destroyed—largely by the British bombers which sought to speed its capture.

Only when the Allied armies were sweeping across France at breakneck speed, having crossed the Somme more easily than von Rundstedt or his successor deemed possible, did the German plans go awry. The British and Canadians, on the left flank, dashed into Antwerp so fast that its miles of docks were taken virtually intact. It is not widely enough realized that Antwerp has the greatest capacity for moving freight of all the ports on the continent of Europe. The Germans were quick to take steps to nullify the effects of their oversight.

Antwerp as the Key

That is why a German force variously estimated at from 15,000 to 25,000 men has been fighting so bitterly on the south bank of the Schelde, and why other

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forces, also doomed to death or capture, have put up such a spirited defense of the islands of Zuid Beveland and Walcheren, on the north bank. Artillery emplaced here can deny Antwerp to the Allies, for all practical purposes—and has done so. It is significant that even after the Canadians had effected short-range amphibious operations, landing behind the Germans' lines and creating an extraordinarily complex front, the enemy still thought it was worth while to pour men into the cauldron. There being no communication by land, and little by sea, Nazi paratroopers were flown in.

If the sea approaches to Antwerp could be cleared and the port put to use by the end of October, there might yet be time for General Eisenhower to send Field Marshal Montgomery's army group across the Lek (or Neder Ryn) and into Germany before the snows and recurrent thaws make the northwestern route to Berlin impassable.

The absence of substantial mileage gains on the more southerly of the western roads to Berlin must also be attributed in great degree to the supply strangulation induced by the Germans' defense of the ports. Even an American army, rich in air power, would hardly have used air transport to carry in winter uniforms if there had been any likelihood that the garments would reach their destination within measurable time by sea and road. And the enemy has taken superb advantage of this situation in his stand along the West Wall.

Russians on the Move

But if one makes a counter-clockwise survey of the periphery of the Festung Deutschland, it will be seen that by no means all the fronts have been static. The most southerly Russian columns operating in the Balkans have joined forces with Marshal Tito's Army of Liberation and set about freeing Belgrade. To the northeast, other Russian columns have pushed the front so close to Budapest that Hungary has asked to be let out of the war. Thus falls the last substantial ally of the Reich: only the shadow states, such as Slovakia and Croatia, remain. Germany stands in unsplendid isolation. For how long?

The war is not likely to be shortened by the approach of the Red Army to the Danube gateway into Austria, except in so far as the German command may be forced to divert reserves intended for other fronts to man positions on the approaches to Vienna. Hungary's de-

The German Fortress Contracts

With the defection of Hungary, the Reich has lost its last major ally, and soon must be reduced to fighting on its own borders, save for buffer strips of Holland, Italy, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. The Red Army's imminent advance to the borders of Austria does not open a quick route to Berlin, but will at least serve the purpose of compelling the German High Command to assign precious reserves to the defense of the third (southern) front.

(The national boundaries shown on this map are those of 1939.)

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fection will expedite and increase the German embarrassment in this respect.

Farther around the periphery, the Red Army has reemphasized its determination not to risk another defeat at Warsaw (perhaps the memory of Budenny's overextension of his lines in 1920 is too strong), and has concentrated on cleaning out the Baltic states. Some of the advantages of this course are obvious. But the underlying policy is one of caution, and we have become unaccustomed, through headlong Russian advances over great distances during the summer, to find such caution exemplified by the Red Army.

Great Events in the Pacific

Great events which burst upon the Pacific in the week just ended were clearly the prelude to still greater events. Large numbers of American aircraft-carriers roved through seas which until recently were a Japanese preserve, and struck, boldly and heavily, at positions which until recently seemed beyond reach. The Ryukyu Islands, which might provide a stepping stone to the coast of China (which Admiral Nimitz proclaims as his destination), have been attacked for the first time; so has Formosa, the most formidable bastion in the chain of bases stretching from Kyushu to Java. In an unwonted display of inter-service coördination, Vice Admiral Mitscher's carrier fliers were joined in the air over Formosa by B-29 Superfortresses, flying from western China.

Luzon was bombed again by the navy, and the southern Philippines by army air forces from Southwest Pacific bases. Possible Japanese interference from Borneo, Celebes and Halmahera was interdicted by air strikes as General MacArthur prepared for his return to the Philippines.

Hungary Follows Bulgaria

Both Bulgaria and Hungary have accepted Allied armistice terms. The Bulgarian armistice calls for the evacuation of all Bulgarian troops and officials from Greece and Yugoslavia. The Bulgarian government, a left-wing coalition, has reached friendly agreements with Marshal Tito's leftist administration in Yugoslavia and with the EAM, Greece's leftist liberation movement, which promise an orderly transfer of authority.

In Hungary, on the other hand, the political situation is muddled, and the acceptance of the armistice by the Horthy administration may be on paper only. For it seems that unlike the case of Rumania, the Nazis in Hungary were prepared to stymie the country's last-minute switch. As we go to press, they seem in firm control of Budapest, have ousted the government and replaced it with an absolutely safe pro-Nazi clique. Much depends, however, on the attitude of the Hungarian army, which is still, for all practical purposes, under Nazi command.

Leftism in France and Greece

Reports from Greece and France indicate that the left-wing movement in both countries is stronger than expected. The British expeditionary force in Greece has found the EAM and its military formations, ELAS, in control of almost all localities evacuated by the Germans. Efforts by British and American correspondents, operating under severe censorship, to smear the EAM as a wild-eyed Communist movement which intimidates the local population, are unjust and ill conceived. While it is true that the EAM includes an articulate and well disciplined Communist minority which has frequently assumed a position of leadership, it also has wide popular backing.

The same is to a large extent true of the leftist movement in France. The FFI and left-wing resistance organizations include Communist cells, many of them in command. But to describe the intransigence of former underground groups toward the de Gaulle government as a Communist plot, is a blatant oversimplification of French politics. France finds herself today in a revolutionary situation, with all political groups bargaining for power. It is only natural that the various resistance organizations should be reluctant to relinquish the power they acquired in the struggle for liberation. Until free elections are held, they are certainly justified in insisting on maintaining their autonomous existence.

Mud-Slinging in Excelsis

The political campaign is getting both more intense and uglier as it goes into the final stretch. The Republicans, with their overwhelming control of the daily press, are making a use of it of which many of them must be ashamed—a use that will greatly embarrass them afterwards, in the unlikely event that Dewey is elected.

From the White House has come a devastating document showing that in case after case, Dewey's charges, supposedly buttressed by quotations from responsible sources, were false. The material he quoted has time and again been torn from a context which gave an opposite meaning. Such misquotations can only be deliberate, and the whole incident must have done Dewey great harm.

The White House document did not include the most brazen falsehood of the campaign, namely, that the CIO-PAC is Communist-controlled and is seeking to take over the Democratic Party and the government. This falsehood is being repeated assiduously in the conservative press and it makes an ugly chapter for the social historian. Perhaps the lowest note of the whole campaign was Stanley High's article in last week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post in which he attempts to smear American intellectuals. He makes the of course completely false charge that The New

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Republic, The Nation and PM are taking orders from the Communist New Masses, and the completely ridiculous assertion that the New Dealers are committed to an economy of scarcity while Mr. Dewey wants an economy of abundance! Cynical contempt for the intelligence of one's readers could hardly go farther.

Roosevelt's Times and Dewey's Life

Over the last week-end, The New York Times came out for Roosevelt and Life for Dewey. The Times is supporting the President chiefly on foreign policy, disagreeing with most of his domestic measures. Since the paper will certainly suffer reprisals among its upper-middle-class readers, the act is a piece of honest and courageous journalism, for which it deserves full credit.

Life comes out for Dewey on no argument in particular except that the New Dealers are old and tired and that "the long-range bomber has put an end to isolationism." Nobody, of course, would expect a magazine owned by the husband of the ineffable Clare Boothe Luce to do anything else.

Speaking of Mrs. Luce, it is hard to believe that by her speeches she is not making votes for Roosevelt in large quantities. Her latest effort in Chicago was a dizzying piece of argument that misses making any sense whatever. She seemed to be charging that Roosevelt had opposed preparedness before the war, while the Republicans favored it, but whenever you try to get your teeth into the argument at any point, it melts away to nothing, like spun-sugar candy at a county fair.

Will They Vote for Roosevelt?

The chief aim of the PAC—to bring out a large registration and vote—seems by way of being achieved. It is now estimated that about 47,000,000 will have established their right to cast ballots in the nation. In the 1940 election about 50,000,000 voted. It has been believed that the nearer we could approach that figure this time, the better chance there would be of a victory for Mr. Roosevelt, since the Republican gains in the intervening years have been accompanied by small votes. Wage-earners, overwhelmingly for the administration, either had temporarily lost their votes through change of residence or did not bother to register, while young people, also largely Democratic in recent years, were increasingly in the armed services.

Supporters of the President, however, have not been alone in stimulating registration. The Republican organizations fear the PAC drive, and while discouraging registration in general, have bent every effort to see that those whom they have aroused against it would also go to the polls. There is danger in overconfidence based on the large registration alone. We do know that in New York City, which is usually preponderantly Democratic, the registration plus soldiers' ballots will probably exceed 1940, and that heavy registration has also occurred in other Democratic centers like Detroit and Chicago. But too many states are in the doubtful column to permit any complacency.

The Dumbarton Oaks Plan

THE DRAFT of the international security organization of the United Nations agreed upon at Dumbarton Oaks deserves careful scrutiny. It ought to be improved if it can be. Some constitutions last a long time, and it is impossible to devote too much care to the attempt to foresee eventualities to which they may have to be applied. Even at best, however, it is impossible to draft a constitution without defects, or one that will please everybody concerned. The basic question is whether on the whole it is better to have a constitution of the general sort proposed, or none at all.

The nature of the draft in question flows logically from the main purpose—which is to organize to suppress by force, and promptly enough to avoid a devastating world war, any future military challenge. It may be argued that this is either an impractical or an undesirable end. The world is not static, but fluid, and necessary readjustments may involve organized violence. Those who benefit from the status quo will always try to suppress the protagonists of change. This may involve injustice, and a just war is probably on the whole preferable to a permanent unjust peace. You cannot give power to any group in society without also giving it the power to thwart legitimate human aspirations. The argument may be elaborated indefinitely. What it comes to is that it is better to have no government, or at least to have none with police power, than to run any risk of the abuse of that power. Some men feel this way about government of their town, their state or their nation. It is doubtful how long they would continue to do so if their communities had been terrorized and enslaved by gangsters armed with bombers, tanks and flame-throwers. Most people will now agree that international anarchism, even of the most ideal variety, is no guarantee of freedom.

If the purpose is to suppress aggression in the visible future, the world must rely on those who have or are likely to have the industrial and military power to do the job. Hence the big five. A government which can command the services of the united forces available to the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, China and France need have little fear of successful opposition from any quarter. The chief danger of world war in the future would seem to lie in the possibility that one or more of these powers may be found in a camp hostile to the others. If they agree, and will remain in agreement, the danger would seem to be so remote that people can turn their main attention to other matters.

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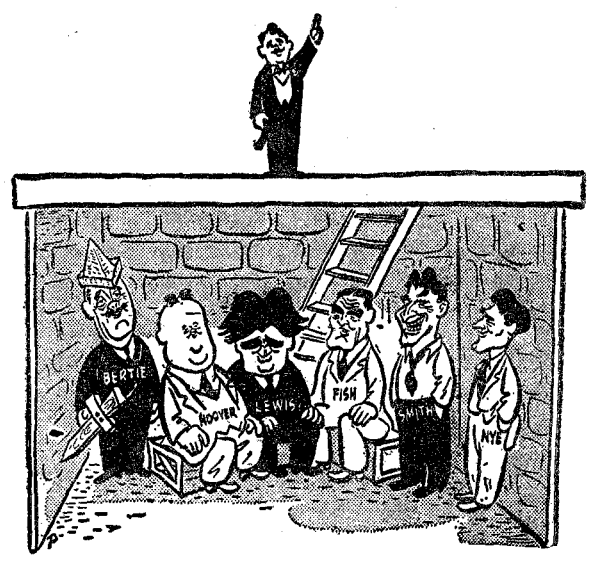
They have agreed, at almost every point, to organize for this end. Their agreement has certain qualifications which arouse misgivings. They are not willing to allow their armies, navies and air forces to be called into action by a simple majority of the delegates of all the nations. This power is delegated to a Council composed of themselves and a few of the smaller nations. It will require an affirmative vote by each of them to call out its own forces. But if this condition is met, they can act even if a majority of the other nations are against them. This arrangement is obviously far from a true international government, democratically controlled. It may be said, however, that it involves some concessions to the concept of world government. These nations could make the same kind of agreement by an alliance among themselves, without consulting any others at all. They have the military might anyway and can do with it what they please. Its existence does not depend on authorization by any international organization, or on taxes imposed on peoples other than their own.

Should they be urged to accept the sovereignty of a worldwide assembly? If this assembly is to represent existing nations, each having equal voting power, such an arrangement would be both unjust and impractical. It would be similar to a government of the United States exercised solely by the Senate. A minority of the population would in that case have a legal right to coerce the majority. The majority would, in all likelihood, refuse to be coerced. If we are to have a truly democratic international government, it must have a parliament representing, not states, but the people of the world directly, on a basis which would apportion votes to population. In such an assembly the big five might not have a majority, but they would exercise almost as much power as under the Dumbarton Oaks plan. The idea, however, is premature, in view of the primitive state of political organization in many parts of the world, and the strong traditions of national sovereignty.

What if one of the big five themselves should be regarded as an aggressor? They are not agreed on this point; the Soviet Union wishes to prevent the Council from acting if any one of its members finds itself in this position. The others are willing to admit some international sovereignty in such a case. The question seems to us academic. If the big five split, the organization will be divided anyway, and the members can and will act as they like. If there is police action against the Soviet Union or the United States or any of the others, it will be a world war, no matter by what name it is called.

On the whole, the plan seems to us a distinct improvement over the covenant of the League of Nations. It is so, first because the Soviet Union and the United States will be members from the beginning if it goes into effect, second because it embodies the declared intention of those who are capable of using adequate force to do so promptly when the need arises and to act in unison, and third because it strips away as many as possible of the hampering inhibitions and formalities which might impede this action. It is a practical device, suited to the realities of the situation, rather than an idealistic dream put on paper. As long as these characteristics are maintained, we need not worry too much about details.

When all this is said, it must be added that the major task of safeguarding future peace is still to be attended to. The negative application of force against criminals never yet created an organic society or prevented civil war. Police power is necessary, but it is far from the whole story. The big five must continue to remain friendly and must coöperate with each other in more positive activities. They must refrain from exercising their power to oppress those who have less. They must manage their internal affairs democratically and in a way to provide scope for human aspirations. They must help peoples less advanced industrially, agriculturally or politically to build up their own strength and assume more responsibility. Peace cannot be assured by any blueprint or any act in 1944 or 1945. It must be built and buttressed over the years.



Captain Patterson's Last Straw

The New York Daily News has been conducting a "Battle Page" which gave equal space daily to the Republican and Democratic Parties for campaign material. This "Battle Page" was also distributed to a number of other newspapers throughout the country. A few days ago The Daily News announced that it was dropping this feature. It seems probable that the cartoon above, entitled "Look in the Cellar, Mr. Dewey," which appeared on the final day, and was furnished by the Democratic National Committee, may have had something to do with the decision.

The New York Post and PM both offered to take over the feature. The Democratic Party accepted the offer but, as we go to press, it seems probable that the Republicans will decline. The Democratic National Committee had offered to guarantee The New York Daily News against any danger from libel suits, which The News alleged as the reason for ending the page.

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The GI Bill of Rights

WITH PUBLICATION of the War Department's plan for demobilizing more than one million soldiers when Germany is defeated, the veteran problem has become a near reality. What may these soldiers expect upon their return? Ample provisions have already been made by the federal government to cope with the situation. Legislation has been enacted to guarantee returning soldiers mustering-out pay, hospitalization and medical care, pensions in case of disability resulting from military service, dependency allowances, vocational rehabilitation, reëmployment rights and other benefits.

The most comprehensive of these laws is the so-called "GI Bill of Rights," a pleasant but misleading name for the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, which became law on June 22. Contrary to popular belief, this bill does not proclaim a special, inalienable Bill of Rights for veterans. Rather, it is to facilitate, as quickly as possible, the readjustment of veterans to civilian life. While the bill recognizes the particular problems which the returning soldier will have to face, it is correctly based on the assumption that in the long run the veteran's interests are essentially civilian interests, that his problems are civilian problems. This appears clearly from the narrow time limits set for the various advantages open to the returning soldier.

Of the bill's provisions, those for education and vocational training are sound and generous. The returning soldier is entitled to one year of education and training, or the equivalent in continuous part-time study. A soldier who was not over 25 years of age when he entered the service, or whose education was interrupted by his induction, may receive three additional years of education, not exceeding, however, the time spent in active service from September 16, 1940, to the end of the war.

A grant of $500 a year is to cover tuition costs, library, health, infirmary and similar fees, as well as the cost of books, supplies, equipment and expenses apart from room and board. For living expenses the veteran-student will receive $50 a month, and if he has one or more dependents, $75. However, these educational benefits will be available only in the first seven years immediately after the end of the war. It has been estimated that between 800,000 and 1,000,000 veterans will take advantage of these educational provisions.

The adequacy of the loan provisions, good on paper, depends to a large extent on their efficient administration by the government. If the veteran wants to purchase or construct a home, or buy a farm, farm equipment or business property, the Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent on a loan, provided it is not greater than $4,000. In other words, the government will guarantee up to $2,000 on a loan. The interest rate must not exceed four percent, and the loan is to be repaid within twenty years.

The employment provisions of the act, supplementary to the reëmployment rights guaranteed under the Selective Service Act of 1940, more than the other provisions, depend for satisfactory execution on a healthy national economy in which full employment is assured. Otherwise its provisions will remain a dead letter. The Veterans' Employment Service, operating through the United States Employment Service, is made responsible for the registration and job placement of veterans, for collecting and keeping information on jobs in public works and private industry, for stimulating employers to hire veterans, and for looking after their working conditions and welfare. These advantages are available to all veterans, including those of former wars.

The hospitalization program of the act is merely supplementary to earlier measures. The Veterans' Administration is granted a preliminary $500 million to begin the construction of hospital buildings. The disabled soldier is also, of course, entitled to the usual disability compensation or pension, and "veterans' preference" in civil-service examinations.

The most unsatisfactory feature of the bill is its readjustment allowances for unemployed veterans. The $20 a week to which the unemployed veteran is entitled is hardly sufficient to sustain him. He may receive eight weeks of allowances for each of the first three months of active wartime service, and four weeks of allowances for each month of service beyond the first three. But in no event is he allowed more than 52 weeks of allotments. Moreover, the allowance of $20 will be reduced by any other federal or state compensation the veteran may receive during this period.

This bird's-eye view of the "GI Bill of Rights" is far from being complete. Every soldier, and every interested civilian, should read the full text to be thoroughly acquainted with the advantages which this new law offers to the veteran. The important thing to remember is that the bill does not contemplate making the veteran a permanent ward of the government; it seeks to speed his rapid reintegration into civilian life.

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A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY, HELEN FULLER (Washington)

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, MALCOLM COWLEY, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, THOMAS SANCTON, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

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Veterans, Unions and Jobs

I. *The Riddle of Employment Priority*

PLANS are far advanced for a big-business drive to break the back of organized labor as soon as the war in Europe ends. As in earlier attempts, the attack will be spearheaded by the National Association of Manufacturers, undoubtedly with the aid and comfort of the Committee for Economic Development. This is one reason for big-business opposition to full employment—though it is not the only one.

There is, of course, no longer any doubt of such opposition. The CED, having started on the full-employment bandwagon, promptly jumped off and now officially boasts that it "does not undertake to guarantee full employment by business." And Mr. Paul G. Hoffman, its chairman, has gone one step farther in a pamphlet published by the NAM. "I don't believe," he has said, "it is even socially desirable to have jobs for every man or woman who may want a job."

The new tune is significant in view of the projected anti-labor drive. You can't bust unions without a "labor reserve." The boys propose to create one, and soon.

But they are also gleefully contemplating the use of returning veterans for the same purpose. Everyone knows how assiduously the commercial press has labored to drive a wedge between our fighting men and labor. Everyone knows, too, that that campaign has been at least partially successful, and that labor has encountered serious obstacles whenever it has tried to get its own point of view across to the armed services. Big business now hopes to reap what it has sown.

In this connection, a case recently before the Philadelphia Regional War Labor Board is the tip-off. The Atlantic Elevator Company applied to the Board for a modification of its union-shop contract with the United Electrical Workers (CIO) to permit the company to hire veterans without requiring them to join the union. The management's argument is interesting.

"Word has come back from many sources," the company said, "that soldiers and sailors on far-flung fronts have little sympathy for the methods used by some of the unions in this country in order to gain their purposes during wartime. . . . This company does not believe that a returning soldier or sailor should be required to join any union to get a job."

This argument is well calculated to appeal to patriotic but uninformed persons, and we shall hear more of it. For the first objective of the anti-labor forces is the destruction of union security through the elimination of closed and union shops.

In this particular case, the Regional War Labor Board followed the doctrine of the National War Labor Board in the Harvill Aircraft case, in which the NWLB refused to weaken a union-shop agreement. But the matter is far from settled. There will be further assaults, and the anti-union boys will be assisted by a Selective Service interpretation of the reëmployment provisions of the Selective Service Act.

Section VIII of the Selective Service and Training Act provides for the reinstatement of honorably discharged veterans in their former civilian jobs or in similar ones. The section is perhaps as clear as it can be, in view of the complexity of the problems involved. But it leaves plenty to interpretation. Last April, Selective Service issued such an interpretation in Local Board Memorandum No. 190-A.

At this point, two things should be noted. First, the Selective Service interpretation was issued four years after the original adoption of the Act. In the meantime, labor and management across the country had made their own "common-sense" interpretations and embodied them in collective-bargaining agreements. Second, the interpretations of Selective Service are at complete variance with those of labor on a number of major points, and thus at variance with the provisions of most existing collective-bargaining agreements.

The points of difference are crucial and are likely to play a central role in the coming showdown between management and labor. Indeed, in reporting the views of a "broad cross-section" of American management, The Daily Labor Report, published by the Bureau of National Affairs, recently observed:

> Some think, and a few apparently hope, that enforcement of reëmployment provisions of the draft law will produce a knock-down and drag-out fight between management and labor in which management, aided by Selective Service and the law, will come out on the long end.

Such management optimism rests primarily on two provisions of No. 190-A, one having to do with seniority, the other with changed conditions of employment. Both are pregnant with future trouble.

In an economy normally characterized by unemployment, seniority—involving a claim to a job based on length of service—is a matter of prime importance to workers. The unions have, therefore, placed great emphasis upon the establishment and maintenance of seniority rights, which normally govern the order of lay-off, reëmployment, transfer and promotion. With the advent of the war, they interested themselves in extending similar protection to their members who

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entered the armed services. Even before the adoption of the reëmployment provisions of the Selective Service Act, the UAW-CIO, for example, was attempting to protect the reëmployment rights of its members who entered the armed forces by providing for the accumulation of their seniority while they were serving. Most union contracts today include similar provisions.

Thus, under standard union-contract provisions, a worker who has been in the service would return to his job after the war with as much accumulated seniority as though he had never left. His position, in the case of under-employment, would be the same as anyone else's who possessed like seniority.

The Selective Service interpretation knocks such arrangements into a cocked hat, and with them the whole seniority structure so laboriously erected by the unions. A returning veteran, says Selective Service, is entitled to reinstatement in his former position or a similar one, "even though such reinstatement necessitates the discharge of a non-veteran with greater seniority."

What this may actually mean was recently dramatically illustrated by Mr. Victor Reuther. Discussing the matter with the executive board of the UAW-CIO, Mr. Reuther cited the case of the Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, from which more workers have left to join the armed services than are expected to be employed in the plant after the war. To make room for the return of even a substantial part of these veterans, workers with as much as 25 years' seniority and experience would have to be discharged. Many similar cases could be cited.

In some instances there is an out on this in terms of the Selective Service definition of a "permanent" employee—who alone is protected by the law. But that, too, is open to controversy.

Here is a union-busting weapon of unparalleled destructive power and the smart boys know it. High-ranking officials of the CIO and the Railway Brotherhoods have met with General Hershey in an effort to change the Selective Service position, but have come away without even a brass ring.

The second Selective Service interpretation has equally disruptive possibilities in a somewhat narrower field and deserves to be quoted in full:

> If, upon a veteran's return from military service, he finds that his employer has entered into employment agreements with others setting up conditions of employment different from those which existed at the time the veteran left, the veteran cannot be deprived of his reëmployment rights by reason of these agreements.

This is, of course, aimed squarely at union and closed shops, in which almost half of the 13.75 million workers now under union agreements are employed. The number of such shops has steadily increased during the war, particularly in industries like electrical machinery, industrial chemicals, automobiles and textiles. There will, therefore, be many instances in which a veteran will return to find the plant in which he formerly worked now covered by a closed or union-shop contract under which he would be required, as a condition of employment, to join a union.

Thus, the Selective Service interpretation of the law will come squarely into conflict with the provisions of existing collective-bargaining agreements and with the doctrine enunciated by the War Labor Board in the matter of watering down union-security provisions. In the ensuing confusion, anything can happen. Certainly, employers opposed to the union shop have been handed a weapon with which to combat it, and the unions have again been placed in a difficult public-relations position.

The more far-sighted union leaders have long been aware of the dangerous situation into which they are being maneuvered and have taken what steps they can to meet it. I do not propose in this article to discuss the counter-measures in any detail, nor the numerous constructive proposals made by the unions to facilitate the reintroduction of veterans to civilian life. The most important of these have to do with the maintenance of full employment and that is, of course, the real answer to the problem. With full employment, few of the difficulties now anticipated would arise and there would be small opportunity to sow seeds of discord between the workers who are veterans and those who are not.

The National UAW-CIO Veterans' Conference, held in Washington last April, put the issue squarely. A large section of industry and some sections of government, they said in a unanimous resolution, are today attempting to evade responsibility for a failure to plan for full employment by creating the impression that "there is a conflict of economic interest between working people who are in the armed forces and working people who are civilians."

> These people [the resolution continues] would like to see men and women, Negro and white, Catholic and Protestant and Jew, veteran and non-veteran pitted against each other in a wild and desperate scramble for jobs. *In the chaos thus created, they hope to destroy organized labor and return to the business-as-usual days of high profits for the few and poverty and insecurity for the many.* [Italics mine. – J. D. K.]

In such a process, both the veteran and the non-veteran would necessarily suffer. At least one veterans' organization has recognized this fact and the most encouraging recent development is the agreement between the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the CIO and the AFL on reëmployment procedures, reached in late July. Now, if ever, the times demand real statesmanship in the leaders of our veterans' organizations. The VFW officials, at least, are displaying it.

J. DONALD KINGSLEY

This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue. – THE EDITORS

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Medicine Men of the Air

THE ITINERANT PATENT-MEDICINE PEDDLER is happily extinct, but the evil that he did lives on—embodied today in the breathless, compelling radio voice which urges you to rush out to the nearest drugstore for pills and tonics to wake up sluggish kidneys, combat excess acidity, cure headaches, relieve colds or restore lost vitality. Because the Federal Trade Commission forbids it, the specific promises of cure made by the medicine peddler a generation ago are not heard over the air. But radio has developed a sly formula of implication and innuendo which gets the idea across just as persuasively.

Proof that this is so can probably be found in the medicine cabinet of your own home, where—unless your resistance is unusually strong—you'll find at least half a dozen bottles containing some wonder-working, health-giving preparation which you bought under the passing conviction that you were suffering from one or another of the insidious ailments or deficiencies advertised on the radio.

Concerned—because there's money in it—with every phase of health and disease, radio specializes in disorders of the digestive tract. "Excess stomach acidity," for example, is a favorite ailment of the air waves. "If you have an excessively acid stomach," one network announcer tells millions of housewives daily in a liquid voice charged with sympathy, "alkalize with milk of magnesia tablets! Eliminate trouble-making acids! Get prompt relief from digestive upset! Carry a box of these tablets in your purse—be prepared always to relieve any upset!"

Now the Federal Trade Commission, which defends the public against false claims and misrepresentations by manufacturers of therapeutic agents, doesn't cite this type of advertising as fraudulent, *because it doesn't say anything that isn't true*. The tablets *will* neutralize, or "alkalize," excessive acid in the gastric secretions and relieve digestive upset caused by such excess acids. The trickery here is contained in the fact that not one person in a hundred who thinks he is suffering from this condition actually is, yet the whole announcement has the effect of convincing the listener that his or her digestive upset—and everyone suffers gastric distress occasionally—is caused by excess acidity. Furthermore, good doctors say that no case of acidity can be demonstrated except by actual removal and analysis of the contents of the stomach. Plainly, it is unlikely that more than a negligible handful of the millions of purchasers of this product have ever taken the trouble to find out whether or not they have the one condition it can remedy.

Thus thousands of dollars weekly are poured into the purchase of relief for a probably nonexistent ailment. Worse yet, many people whose gastric pain is caused by some functional disorder or organic defect which might easily be detected and cured by prompt, scientific diagnosis and treatment, continue instead to seek a magic short cut to health which they can take in a glass of water after meals. Too often, competent medical treatment is postponed, *because of the exploitation of bogus remedies*, until the disorder is far advanced and difficult or impossible to cure.

Tragic for much the same reason is the way radio rings the cash register on man's preoccupation with the state of his bowels. Because the medical profession has done a good job of warning the public against the dangers of using harsh cathartics and purges, radio advertisers usually emphasize the "gentle action" of the laxatives they offer. Laxatives so advertised by the medicine men of the air are undoubtedly less explosive in their action than others, yet many doctors would hesitate to call any drug which acts chemically to induce evacuation of the bowels "gentle." Moreover, all doctors warn against the habitual use of laxatives; repeated overstimulation of the colon makes it permanently dried and contracted, they say, and results in chronic constipation.

To the makers of cathartics, however, this danger is either nonexistent or unimportant. On a coast-to-coast hookup featuring nationally known entertainers, the use of one laxative—a saline preparation—is urged as a means of ensuring "regularity." The gentle action of the drug is emphasized; unmistakably, the advertiser recommends its *daily* use—medical opinion against such use of any laxative notwithstanding.

The whole attitude of certain elements in the radio and advertising world toward scientific medicine is neatly illustrated in the comment made by an advertising-agency executive who had asked a chemical laboratory to check the laxative properties of a widely advertised bottled drink. "We want to build a radio campaign around the use of this beverage as a laxative," the agency man had said. "Just how much do you think we can say?"

One of the laboratory chemists called back in a few days. "Sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid you can't develop a story on that basis. Your product isn't any more of a laxative than a similar amount of any fruit juice would be."

"You mean to say it really *does* have some laxative action then?" the radio man asked eagerly.

"Of course," the chemist replied. "But so would the same amount of water. Sorry, but that's the way it is."

"What do you mean, sorry!" the agency man cried, delightedly. "That's all we wanted to know—there's our story!"

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Radio's interest in health is not bounded by the alimentary canal. Manufacturers of proprietary pain-killers have been quick to sense the profits to be made through a medium which can reach millions with sales messages based on common experience. Pain is a common experience, so radio listeners are importuned at all hours of the day and night to seek relief from pain by using this or that particular pill or powder, invariably "Quick acting!—Immediate!—Effective!" The commercial announcement which accompanies one of these products in particular, underlines a method that has been developed with diabolical efficiency in radio to mislead the public: the use of inflection for innuendo and emphasis. The product is a proprietary pain-killer which has been sold for years and which is advertised extensively on the radio today for "prompt relief from pain of headache or neuralgia."

Headache is rarely an isolated phenomenon. Almost always, it is rather a symptom indicating the presence of some underlying disorder or disease, and it may occur in connection with such widely diverse conditions as, for example, allergy, eyestrain, sinusitis, menstrual disorder, digestive upset, gall-bladder disease, glandular dysfunction, arteriosclerosis, tumors or abscesses of the brain and many others. Clearly, since headache may be an indication that any of these conditions is present or forming, and since the facts may be determined only by careful medical examination, the last thing a person with headache should do is simply take a pill or powder to kill the pain, and forget it. The point is so important, in fact, that the advertisers themselves are compelled to recognize it. Yet by a clever juxtaposition of inflections, the announcer for one "headache tablet" uses the very words which warn of possible danger *to minimize the danger and promote the product!* After a dramatic description of the promptness and completeness with which these tablets drive away pain, the announcer continues: "Of course," he says in a condescending, almost scornful *pianissimo*, "if your headaches persist you should see your doctor. But . . . (*crescendo*) . . . for prompt, welcome relief from nagging pain. . . ." And so on. The effect is almost precisely the same as it would be if he were to say, "Of course, if you want to throw your money away by going to a doctor, that's your business. But if you're sensible, you'll simply buy our tablets!"

Stomach tablets, laxatives, pain-killers and cure-alls have been with us since the day of the patent-medicine peddler, but vitamin preparations are comparative newcomers to the field of proprietary medicines. For this reason, perhaps, and for the further reason that the whole precise relationship of vitamins to health is still emerging and therefore it is difficult to say with certainty where truth stops and exploitation begins, anything goes when vitamins are sold on the air. B-complex vitamins, because of their connection with "vitality" and the universal incidence of fatigue, are the favorite, but the latest fad is pills which combine a variety of vitamins in one dosage. One such preparation is advertised ceaselessly on the radio as including —take the awed voice of your local announcer for it— "Not one, not two—but *eight* vitamins and *nine* minerals—*seventeen* in all!"

Nutrition scientists have determined within broad limits the amounts of each vitamin and mineral needed in the daily diet to maintain optimum health; it is known that ample amounts of all these essentials are contained in the average, well balanced diet which includes daily servings of meat and potatoes, vegetables, eggs, milk, salads and desserts. Except under conditions of extreme poverty and in certain restricted geographic areas where diets commonly overemphasize one or two foods, many nutritionists believe it would be difficult for the man or woman in ordinary good health to *fail* to get the requisite amounts of vitamins. For such people, scientists say, the extra vitamins contained in synthetic vitamin pills are utterly useless, if not actually harmful.

Perhaps it is knowledge of these facts which constrains advertisers of vitamin products to preface their offerings with some such phrase as : "If your diet is lacking in essential vitamins. . . ." Certainly the qualification, as commonly used, is not restrictive; the words are usually so enunciated in relation to the material which follows that their actual meaning—to the uninformed listener—is the exact equivalent of, "Your diet *is probably* lacking in essential vitamins, so. . . ." If you doubt that implications such as this are deliberate in radio, make this test: Be alert for radio commercials dealing with medical subjects or featuring products with a health angle. Then see how often you can identify phrases which it seems to you the Federal Trade Commission has obviously requested the advertiser to insert and the advertiser has obviously instructed the announcer to "kill" by inflection. Even if you're inclined to be skeptical, you'll note dozens of unmistakable examples in a few days of casual listening.

If you listen carefully, you may pick up some implications which are subtler than those mentioned here. For example, the commercial for one multiple-vitamin product begins with a dramatic dialogue between a husband and wife. Coming home from work, the husband speaks dispiritedly to his wife. He is all in, dead tired, petered out, lacking energy and vitality—a condition which the following announcement describes in detail and identifies as common. "Is this the way *you* feel at the end of the day?" the announcer wants to know. It is? Then you'll be thrilled to look in on Fred and Mary—this same couple—a few weeks later, after Fred has been taking these vitamin pills a friend told him about. Fade out to the same scene, at the end of another day. In comes Fred, obviously in the pink. Bursting with pep, he greets Mary ardently and suggests that they go stepping for the evening.

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The concluding sales talk drives the point home with a repetition of words like "energy," "vitality" and "vigor." His product, the announcer tells you clearly —though he doesn't use the words—increases sexual vitality. It is an outrageous fraud.

It is patently impossible to legislate against all abuses like this, though much has been and is being accomplished through the efforts of the Federal Trade Commission. Unlike printed advertising, in which misrepresentation is fairly easily detectable, the spoken word can be made to say one thing and mean another. Thus, until radio takes the responsibility for cleaning its own house, the public will probably continue to be misled about the efficacy of the patent medicines advertised on the air. People will continue to waste millions of dollars buying worthless or unnecessary remedies for imagined ills, and many will delay seeking treatment for real symptoms which demand competent medical attention.

Already there is evidence that thoughtful leaders in the radio industry will themselves take steps toward eliminating the remaining abuses. Voluntarily, one of the networks has recently appointed a medical consultant to inspect vitamin copy in advance of its release; the extension of such wholesome self-discipline to actual production techniques as well as to the preparation of copy seems a reasonable expectation if appointment of the consultant was sincerely motivated. Radio has become a permanent part of American life, providing all of us with many hours of delightful entertainment, useful information and up-to-the-minute news—the comprehensive and for the most part restrained coverage of "D-Day" was an outstanding example—every day of the year. The men and women who have achieved this standing for radio cannot permit their efforts to be discredited by its irresponsible fringe of patent-medicine peddlers. All that is needed is the consistent application of a few simple rules dictated by sound scientific judgment, concern for the public interest and ordinary good taste.

It's time for these rules to be written and used in radio.

R. M. CUNNINGHAM JR.

States' Rights on Trial

A CASE scheduled to come up before the United States Supreme Court in its present October term will provide a test of the whole civil-rights program of this administration. In United States v. Screws, the Court will be called upon to decide whether the Department of Justice has been right in contending, in recent years, that it is the responsibility of the federal government to bring criminal action against anyone who, acting under color of state laws, deprives another of his constitutional rights.

The authority cited for this contention by the Civil Rights Section of the Justice Department is Section 52 of the Criminal Code, dealing with persons deprived of civil rights under state laws. The Screws case is the first in which Section 52 has been used before the Supreme Court to apply to deprivations of civil rights secured under the Fourteenth Amendment.

Since the establishment in 1939 of the Civil Rights Section of the Department, Section 52 has been given its first real workout in a generation. It has been clarified and revitalized until it is again a strong legal weapon—so strong that those who do not wish to see the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment enforced are resorting to every possible legalism and appeal to local prejudice to dull its force. With Section 52 as authority, the Civil Rights staff of the Justice Department has been on the alert against any denial of equal protection under the law to all persons alike, against the deprivation of life, liberty or property without due process. And as a result, police officers, sheriffs, justices of the peace and judges who have misused their powers of office for these purposes have all been prosecuted.

The pending Supreme Court case is an appeal from such a conviction. Sheriff Screws of Baker County, Georgia, Jones, a local policeman, and Kelley, a special deputy, were convicted and sentenced last October by a Georgia District Court, for arresting a Negro on a warrant charging him with theft of a tire and beating him to death with no justification. The evidence showed that some time before, Sheriff Screws had taken a pearl-handled revolver away from the Negro, Robert Hall, and refused to give it back. When Hall appealed to a grand jury, Screws made it known that he was going to "get" Bobby Hall, and after heavy drinking, dispatched Jones and Kelley to bring in the Negro. The three of them beat Hall so severely that he died; then they dragged his body to the jail and threw it in the yard.

A Georgia grand jury and district court agreed with the federal government that the evidence showed the three police officers to be guilty of depriving Hall of his life without due process of law, a right guaranteed to him under the Fourteenth Amendment. But since the Fourteenth Amendment protects against state, not individual, action, the government was required to prove further that the deprivation of those rights was the act of the state. The jury agreed with the federal argument on this point too, for never during the trial did the three defendants attempt to show that their actions were to satisfy personal feelings only, and it was clear that they were acting in their capacity as state

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police officers, under color of the state laws. The government side of the case appears to be well covered, therefore, on the two essential points in such an action: (1) there was a willful deprivation of a constitutional right, (2) the action was taken under color of law.

The case for the government, in this first Supreme Court test of Section 52 as applied to the Fourteenth Amendment, has been carefully built. The great public concern over the protection of civil rights which has been shown in the years since the Civil Rights Section was created has produced so large and varied a group of complaints that it has been possible to test a large number of legal possibilities under the existing statutes in an unusually short time. In the event that the Supreme Court rules favorably for the government in United States v. Screws, the Justice Department will be in a position to move on a number of new civil-rights fronts almost immediately.

Thus far, general civil-rights policy in the Department of Justice has been liberally sprinkled with caution and deliberation. Since 1939, the number of complaints received annually by the Civil Rights Section has been between 8,000 and 14,000, but prosecutions under Section 52 and its companion statute Section 51 together have never exceeded 76 in one year. In 1943, 31 full investigations under Section 52 were conducted, and only 3 cases were brought to trial. Great care has been taken in refusing to bring cases where the evidence was slim or the offense slight. Every effort has been made to have local lawyers represent the government in cases where local prejudice against federal interference was strong. Acting on the premise that in creating the civil-rights statutes, Congress was providing *additional* sanctions against the deprivation of constitutional rights, not substituting federal for state sanctions, the Department of Justice requires its agents to make every effort to encourage state action first.

The care with which every step in one of these Section 52 federal actions is taken frequently provokes outside attacks, especially from liberal groups who find it hard to understand the necessity for this method. Those who are responsible for the Department policies feel more than justified, however, when their way pays off in strong local support for the government stand in places like Atlanta, where, in regard to the Screws case, The Atlanta Journal endorsed the decision for lending "a new and encouraging stand against mob violence and brutality in the South."

The work of the Department of Justice under the New Deal has spread a fresh respect for federal justice throughout the country. A favorable Supreme Court decision in United States v. Screws can mark the beginning of a new and better chapter.

Washington HELEN FULLER

Crime and Punishment in Germany

FOR GERMANY'S RULERS, this is the time for preparing alibis. Generals, industrialists and big landowners, chief beneficiaries of the Nazi regime as long as it was successful, will blame everything on Hitler's failing intuition. The Nazi leaders themselves will certainly claim to have been betrayed by their erstwhile noble allies as well as by the German people. But time for finding more substantial alibis is short. For they know that they have nothing to hope for and that their necks are at stake.

To understand the cleavage between the Nazi core and the German people as a whole, it should be recalled that from the start of his rule it was one of Hitler's fundamental principles to encourage crime among his followers. He knew that the only kind of loyalty to be relied on in an emergency would come from those guilty enough to be pushed forever beyond the pale of human decency. He knew that because of the sheer weight of the hatred against them, they would be wedded to his regime for their own safety.

This is why the Nazi bureaucracy was swollen to colossal dimensions, and why any excess of rowdyism and graft was deliberately encouraged, from Goering, expropriating factories and "borrowing" Old Masters, down to the pettiest block-warden at the bottom of the hierarchy, who would hold up tenants of "his" block for 50 marks or bits of furniture, or have them jailed, tortured or executed by informing against them.

It is the "Führer principle" carried to extremes, every bureaucrat a little Führer, the more the merrier and the guiltier the better. There is safety in numbers. Hitler would like to have had the entire nation as his accomplice. In this he has failed, but he certainly has two or three million partners in crime.

These accomplices will fight to the bitter end, long after the regular armies have cracked up in east, west and south. They include the Schutz Staffel (SS), in particular the Waffen SS. For years now, certainly since the autumn of 1942, there has been a steady concentration of power in the SS, with all the key positions in administration, labor offices, judiciary and health services being filled by Himmler's most trusted and ruthless henchmen. Even as far back as 1942, the Gestapo was only one segment of Himmler's command. The Waffen SS, equipped with its own armored divisions and air force, has been increasingly strengthened since the early days of the war. The reason for this appears in a strictly confidential memorandum issued by Hitler on August 6, 1940, at the peak of his victories. A copy was captured by the British in Libya.

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This document, originally circulated only among generals, later reached officers of the rank of lieutenant-colonel. While there never was any doubt about its authenticity, which was vouched for by the British government, its significance can be appreciated only now. Germany, Hitler declared, does "not exclusively comprise a population altogether friendly toward the Reich [*i. e.*, the Nazi regime]. It is therefore essential to strengthen a state police capable at any time and in any circumstances of upholding the Reich's authority at home." This state police, Hitler continued, must consist of men "unconditionally identified with the ideological background of the Reich . . . to exclude any danger of their ever fraternizing with the proletariat and with the underworld eager to undermine the basic ideas of our regime."

The regular army, Hitler believed, could not be relied upon. If the Wehrmacht, consisting of conscripts, should ever "be put in a situation where they might have to take up arms against their own compatriots, this would be the beginning of the end." The same fear of the unreliability of the German army was expressed by Himmler in a memorandum, issued more than two years before the outbreak of war, which anticipated that Germany proper might be a battlefield. The entire country, Himmler pointed out, "must be occupied by a minimum of 30 Death's Head Divisions. . . . We must have no illusions about the fact that any war in which we neglected the internal battleground, would lead to catastrophe."

All this proves that the Nazi leaders, with all their knack for melodrama, are dangerous realists. All along they have been preparing and entrenching themselves for civil war. They may well have it as soon as the German people get a chance. That chance will come when the first serious cracks appear in the machinery of coercion which is still efficient enough to hold down opposition elements among the native population as well as among the 12 million foreign slave laborers now estimated to live in Germany.

In more concrete terms, the time for revolt will come when the SS guards, now controlling the Oranienburg concentration camp or the Hamburg Blohm and Voss Werke, for instance, will have to prolong their own lives by running to whatever last-ditch defense there is for them, such as the Bavarian mountains. Chances are that by then the Allied armies, complete with the AMG and meeting little resistance, will be in process of occupying northern and central Germany.

Then, before that last mopping-up job is tackled—and pretty stiff it may turn out to be—the question will arise whether and to what extent Germans should be permitted to take a hand in the mopping-up. While I may suggest that such a chance should be given freely and generously, I do not want to advocate it without saying a word as to the guilt and responsibility of the German people as a whole. I believe that in doing so I am voicing not only my own opinion, but that of many anti-Nazi Germans.

First of all, there are those whose responsibility for the war and the appalling crimes committed is direct and immediate. Each of them, like every convicted criminal, will have to pay his own penalty. In a staggering number of cases it will have to be the supreme penalty. But the probability is that the majority of them will be among the last-ditchers anyway, and thus will die fighting.

As to the German people as a whole, there is their moral and historical responsibility. This is something for which none of us can be absolved, not even those who fought Nazism from its earliest days and suffered for it. The very least we oppositionists have on our consciences is our failure to achieve the unity of purpose that would have stopped the ghastly thing in time. As to those who, while not guilty of crime, can be accused of connivance through apathy, it is of course easier to blame them from the safety of a free nation than from under the whip of the Gestapo. The fact remains that every debt must be paid, and it is the German people who will have to foot the bill for Hitlerism. This can only be done by work, by hundreds of millions of German man-hours, and must be the concern of all those of us who are not directly guilty.

The worst item on the bill will be the terrible legacy of hatred which Nazism will leave behind for the German people to live down. This will take many years to overcome, and it will be a task no less difficult than the reëducation of the perverted, corrupted and ignorant German youth.

Should, however, the last-ditch fight materialize, it would give the German people a unique chance to pay off, once and for all, a great deal of its moral debt. Moreover, such a chance of fighting the Nazis in our own country would prove an important factor in unifying those of our opposition elements who are still at loggerheads with one another. Then we could tell the United Nations: This is our job. To knock a million desperate and heavily armed men out of their last ditch will be grim and costly business. Enough of your blood has been spilled. Give us the tools and we will do the job of purging our country so as to retain it as a united people within the comity of nations.

I have no special information on this, but I dare say that a substantial nucleus for such a German anti-fascist resistance force could be found among the German prisoners in Russian prison camps who have received considerable political education. They would be joined by German exiles and, most important of all, by masses of German anti-Nazis who could not leave their country. Such home-grown resistance would have a good effect on world opinion and aid in the task of building a democratic future for Germany.

London HEINRICH FRAENKEL

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Washington Notes

We Take Our Stand

WE LIKE THIS portentous newspaper custom of "declaring oneself" in the midst of a presidential campaign. Even The New York Times will probably come off the political fence before the election is over. Must be uncomfortable up there for the old girl. It is high time this Column declared itself. So take a deep breath. Pencils ready? Yep—we're for Roosevelt.

Or, maybe, we should put it the other way around. We're against Young Mr. Dewey. The aging Roosevelt cabinet doesn't fill us with our old enthusiasm and zip. But after looking over the field, we find nowhere else to go.

What is our gripe with Dewey? Well, here it is, boiled down into four main categories:

First, we don't like the company he keeps. He might be all right save for the Republicans. The GOP has been isolationist since Harding killed the League. Before Pearl Harbor the GOP had as bad a record in Congress as it was possible to have: it twice voted against modifying the Neutrality Act, twice voted against Selective Service, opposed Lend-Lease. If Dewey's team wins, one of his first acts will be a rousing old high tariff. Mark our words.

Second, in foreign affairs Young Mr. Dewey doesn't seem to know where he's headed. He's been for and against every major proposal to date. He was for isolationism and also for collaborationism; for a treaty with England and against. He fought Lend-Lease and defended it. We are a reasonably tolerant sort of fellow and don't mind occasional tergiversations, but it is impossible to get our vote by being on all sides all the time. Ours is the anti-tergiversation ticket. And Young Mr. Dewey impresses us as a man who has never been ahead of public opinion on any subject, who would rather be caught naked than in a minority. Any time you want to find him, he's right out in the middle of a Gallup poll.

Third, we are getting a mite tired of these quotations-out-of-context. We cringe every time Young Mr. Dewey says he is going to "restore honesty to the White House" because we know it's a signal for throwing another phony. He proved poor Mr. Berle was a Communist and favored government ownership by yanking out one sentence from Mr. Berle's warning *against* government ownership. The prospect of four years of that sort of thing is awful.

Finally, we just don't like Dewey. This is about our worst charge. He is a cold fish. The other reporters, even those who want him elected, feel much the same. We think he would have a tough time in Washington. Long experience has taught us something that the political scientists don't seem to have grasped. For better or worse, our peculiar federal separation of powers makes American government a matter of personal relationships. There is a chronic antagonism here between the executive and legislative. A President isn't successful because he is an efficiency expert (*vide* Herbert Hoover). A successful American President is one-third salesman and two-thirds public-relations man. We just think Young Mr. Dewey, with his coldness and calculations, would have a hard time here in Washington. Looks to us as though Russell Davenport is right—Dewey is a calamity looking for a place to happen.

Senator Joseph H. Ball (R) of Minnesota is determined that the issue of American participation in world security shall not be blacked out. He won't commit himself as yet to Dewey and is becoming seriously disturbing to fellow Republicans. He has thrown Minnesota's electoral vote in doubt, and has probably defeated two neighboring isolationist Senators—so Democratic Senator O'Mahoney tells me—Gerald Nye (R) of North Dakota and Alexander Wiley (R) of Wisconsin, both included in his list of 11 "rabid isolationists." He has been as instrumental as any other one man in Governor Dewey's further elucidation of his foreign-policy stand. Mr. Ball has come back from debating Ham Fish more convinced than ever that the generalized eulogies for Dumbarton Oaks are often protective coloration for ex-isolationists. Mr. Fish called the agreement "a constructive, sound and wise beginning of the world peace problem." There's always something piscatorial about praise from Fish. The real issues are these, says Ball: Will Senate obstructionists hold up approval of the new league plan till other bitter subjects are settled, thus delaying it indefinitely? And will Congress ratify under conditions which permit instant action against an aggressor, or will it require a long debate over each emergency? Mr. Ball wants candidates to take a stand on those questions.

Incidentally, I learn that the Senate will be asked to adhere to the new security pact by the usual two-thirds treaty majority, but that the method by which American force will be placed at the disposal of the new league will be left for later decision of Congress. The significance of this is that the House will have a chance to vote on the second matter, and that a simple majority will be decisive.

Notes: Down to Governor Dewey's speech Monday he had delivered 10 nationwide radio addresses (not counting rebroadcasts), Roosevelt only 2; the failure to make more radio speeches and the blackout of Democratic arguments in the nation's press comprise a serious Roosevelt handicap. . . . Southeastern fire-insurance companies, which just had the Supreme Court refuse a rehearing of the spring ruling that insurance is interstate commerce, are organizing a big drive on Congress for legislative immunity when it reconvenes November 14. . . . The Dulles letter to a friend that he had found "much diversity of opinion" among GOP Senators on the Foreign Relations Committee over world collaboration, and that "I think they'll go far to back up a Republican President but I'm pretty skeptical as to what will happen if Mr. Roosevelt is reëlected," is almost certain to be ripped apart by President Roosevelt; it implies a rigid partisanship of the Henry Cabot Lodge model. . . . The "conservative thinking" of Dr. Moulton's Brookings Institution is too much for Time magazine, which notes it as producing a "widening split" with other groups of economists who assert that it is "becoming the modern apostle of defeatism." Latest Brookings forecast of postwar national income of only $123 billion (implying 10 million unemployed) recalls that defeatist Senator George picked this institution to do research for his postwar planning committee.

Washington T. R. B.

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Little Women

Soldier's Wife, by Rose Franken. John Golden Theatre, October 4, 1944.
Bloomer Girl, by Sig Herzig and Fred Saidy, based on the play by Lilith and Dan James. Shubert Theatre, October 5, 1944.

MISS FRANKEN'S NEW PLAY has a theme that is basically very human and rich with possibilities. A soldier's wife writes her husband in the far Pacific; he preserves the precious sheaf to read over and over and to have with him always. A friend of his, about to die of wounds, is allowed to hear the letters read aloud and then to read the whole batch of them himself, feels that they belong to him also and begs that they be sent to his father, a publisher, so that people far and wide, needing their humanity and sweetness and experience, may own them in a book.

I have the impression that many of the play's judges have taken it to be merely another success story: a lovable young woman—not too unlike the heroine of the successful "Claudia"—happens to make a hit through an accidental publishing incident, with money, Hollywood and the women's magazines in the offing. That is to say, what we have here in "Soldier's Wife" is a success story made a bit timely by a relation to the war. And in the end the story has the heroine turn down the golden offers and devote herself to her husband, whose abdominal wound has sent him back into private life and his career as a chemist, and to her baby and the baby to come and to her home.

Such an estimate leaves "Soldier's Wife" only a surface theatre piece, which even as it stands it is not entirely and need not necessarily be at all. There is no reason why this young woman, given her warm feeling, quick responses and openness of nature, plus her love for her husband and grief at his absence and her effort to pour herself out to him in her letters—which gives the whole situation a profound, not a casual, connection with the war—should not create something that would mean a great deal to a great many people whose lives the war touches. And by the same token there is no reason why this same young woman should not turn down the kind of success career, hit or miss, that was dangled before her.

Miss Franken only partially explores the possibilities of her matter. The play drags too often, and when there is an attempt at what the dramatist intends as highly serious, the result is apt to be only heavy and pretty tasteless. A great deal of the trouble with the whole thing, however, lies in the directing, which the playwright herself has undertaken. Directing is an elusive business, and one must be an old hand indeed at the theatre to tell when the trouble lies in the play, the acting or the directing. In "Soldier's Wife" as we have it nobody involved has any fun with it, not the author, not the director and not the actors, with the exception of Mr. Myron McCormick, who always plays with intelligence and covered skill, and Mr. Glenn Anders, who can never keep his wits quiet but knows how to combine the witty with the serious and sincere. Miss Martha Scott needs to acquire more projection for her acting but has many lovely qualities. The rich, helpful sister is played by Miss Frieda Inescort, and the women's-magazine editor by Miss Lili Darvas, an actress of great experience and position in Continental theatres, who either is not encouraged to or else will not let herself go beyond a quarter of the role's possibilities.

The chances are that if a director-actor like Mr. Elliott Nugent, say, were to take over the direction of "Soldier's Wife," giving it the much needed fluency of movement and infinite, intimate, natural detail, we should not know it for the same play. This occasion in itself may not seem to merit the amount of attention I have given it, but the theatre problems it presents are pressing ones.

"Bloomer Girl" was already established as a smash hit and rival for "Oklahoma!" before its Broadway opening. The show as a whole is not so uniformly sustained as its overwhelming rival, for the latter half drops off considerably. The first half of the evening is entirely delightful. The period, 1861, is that of revolt, the revolt of women, Negro slaves and what not in freedom's direction, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and women's right to wear bloomers. The delicious settings for the Applegates' conservatory, the Victorian bathroom and so on, are by Mr. Lemuel Ayres. Mr. Miles White brings the ladies of Godey's to shining life again and in charming combinations and variety. Miss Agnes deMille has created the fairly long ballet. The motivations, pantomimes and bits dealing with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are not carried far enough, are somewhat dully toned down—even Topsy is light brown—and the scene where the revolting ladies are in jail could be a great deal gayer and more satirical and much riper in the corking theatre possibilities that are in it. Miss Celeste Holm, as the remaining single Applegate daughter, about to be married to a young Kentucky gentleman, is as richly entertaining as she was in "Oklahoma!" Miss Margaret Douglass, as Dolly, the woman crusader, is witty, expert and indeed a figure of a woman; she could be more so if encouraged to go it, to whoop up the points, as she well knows how to do. "Bloomer Girl" belongs to the kind of thing our theatre does best; and is on the whole a far brighter occasion than I may have seemed to say.

STARK YOUNG

Marie the Magician

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT" is a rather spiritless Bogart movie that shows him as a man named Harry Morgan whose love for minding his own business and having the fewest possible connections with society is overthrown first by a woman named Marie (Lauren Bacall) and then by the cause for which the de Gaullists are fighting. His turnabout in both cases isn't very convincing or exciting, though his love affair, which has been advertised as the sex bout to top all sex bouts, has some moments of likable slapstick humor. It consists mainly of verbal grappling that sounds as if the participants—Harry, who understandably calls Marie "Slim," and Marie, who not understandably calls Harry "Steve"—were competing for the chance to fill Oscar Levant's place on Information Please. The love-making is taken further out of the realm of love by Miss Bacall's exaggerated idea of what seductiveness should look like and by her unsure grounding in the art of Katherine Hepburn. The love affair does present the uncommon movie fact of a woman wooing the man, doing

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it very bawdily, and not getting her knuckles wrapped for it later. But the virtue of this honesty is then more than counterbalanced by the fact that situation and characters are pulled all out of shape, and the writing cheapened, not to illuminate the relationship but to throw the audience some speck-sized erotic thrills. This all takes place on Martinique, just after the fall of France, where Morgan runs a For Hire cabin cruiser, and the film ends with his setting out to rescue a famous de Gaullist from Devil's Island.

I think, though, that the picture has some worthwhile things in it and much entertainment that is easy to take, largely because it presents Humphrey Bogart and his ability to fill a role with a richer response, effect and conviction than a movie role usually warrants. Some of its belligerent dialogue (Bogart's, and that of a character named Johnson, who appears only at the beginning of the picture and is well played, in the Bogart manner, by Walter Sande) is good in a realistic way, and sounds as if it could have been thought up by the characters. Incidents like the first meeting between Morgan and Johnson realize the small animosities and aggressions that ride on every word of some casual conversations. A Howard Hawks film is apt to be very jittery, and this one achieves questionable vitality by not remaining long on any one of a superabundance of scenes. The movie takes place, as do many Bogart films, in a night club, around a piano player who sings and plays tunes from Lucky Strike's All Time Hit Parade with what is supposed to be a genuine jazz quality. Hoagy Carmichael is this piano player, and though both his singing and the atmosphere are overdesigned, he is one of the best popular-song writers and generally worth watching in this picture.

"To Have and Have Not" is nevertheless half-hearted and slight movie-making, even though one of its screen authors is William Faulkner, its director, Hawks, one of the best for contriving to avoid dull movies, its original novel by Hemingway, and its chief actor, Humphrey Bogart, who seems to me to make a better Hemingway hero than Gary Cooper ever has. It has, for one thing, too many dominant concerns to handle. One of them, which shows the fight on Martinique between the de Gaullists and the Vichyites and the hero's part in that fight, seems completely tacked on. Another, and its most adequately realized one, is its very professional portrait of the traditional Bogart personality. The character is one of the more complicated ones that the movies have tackled, and this picture notes, in an academic, careful way, its main aspects: that he is never weak, affectionate, non-combustible, ineffective, deceitful, cowardly, in need of help, advice or anything else, that he is a man of strong feeling which he rigorously subdues out of his great sense of how to get along in the world. But another thing this film attempts to do is wholly unbelievable and irritating: it tries to change this character from the most determined kind of asocial man into a French patriot. "To Have and Have Not" also has its love bout to exploit, along with all kinds of odds and ends that proved popular in earlier Bogart films, and the result is a picture that has no more structure or unified effect than a string of familiar but unrelated beads.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

"We elected Ball because we were told he was a Republican," said A. J. Schunck, former Minneapolis postmaster. "Now we find out differently. He's an internationalist." – *From The Minneapolis Star Journal.*

If the people living in slums don't like them, let them move out. Some people like to live in one-room shacks. There is no solution to this problem. Certainly industry doesn't intend to attempt the impossible. – *John W. Scoville, economist of the Chrysler Corporation, at a conference in the Hotel Statler on postwar problems, as quoted in The Detroit Free Press.*

. . . Many of one's favorite spots, where one was certain to meet people one wanted to meet, in surroundings of good-fellowship and dignity, have taken on the aspects of a cross-roads tavern. It's bad enough to sit next to a group who persist in eating thuringer sausage and red cabbage, but to have them in shirt-sleeves, with colored braces, and the women in "jumpers" or flowered "coveralls," is rather disheartening. – *"Cafe Society Chatter" in Northwest Life.*

. . . We want to favor only those who like The [Saturday Evening] Post well enough to subscribe for the longer term, and who want to receive it almost as much as they want this war to end. – *A renewal notice from the Curtis Publishing Company.*

Permanent postwar exclusion of all persons of Japanese ancestry from California was cited as one of the leading objectives of the Fourth Filipino Inter-Community convention which met in New City Hall last week, according to The Fresno Bee. The convention also called for the abolition of remaining discriminatory legislation against Filipinos. – *From The Pacific Citizen.*

And the Open Shop

In many of Georgia's excellent, small towns where there are no large industries, you will find intelligent, willing, adaptable, native-born, English-speaking workers. – *From an advertisement of the Georgia Power Company of Atlanta.*

What Ever Became of the Two-Party System?

A Dewey victory would bring a new kind of government, with an affirmative program likely to be carried through. It would bring a reform government and signify a return to one-party management of national affairs. – *Paul Mallon in his syndicated column.*

Famous Last Words

As I wrote then, every man, no matter how bad a fighter he is, sometime in his life finds someone he can lick. It is a nice arrangement that nature has made for us, and Ickes is my man. – *Westbrook Pegler in his syndicated column.*

That All-Out Effort

The Philadelphia Orchestra Association regrets that, due to the wartime paper shortage, the lists of Box Holders, Women's Committees and other organizations connected with the Orchestra can be printed only four times during the season. – *From the program notes of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

We Were Born with a Caul

SIR: What goes on here? Is it the man-power shortage, or do you activate such vigorous thought waves? Anyway, on September 4 you come out with the Grant-Sherman analysis of our strategy in France, and in a day or two along comes Time with the same idea, and pictures, too. A week later Manny Farber compares a certain lush style of motion-picture photography with that of the stills in Coronet. Sure enough, Time's next cinema section has to do the same thing.

I read in this morning's New Republic that Palau is next, and soon, even as the morning radio announces the prophecy as a fact.

Richmond, Ky. JAMES E. VAN PEURSEM

The CED as Magician

SIR: Recently the Committee for Economic Development came forward with a demand for drastic tax reductions on business and on high incomes and promised in return that the business community would achieve "a high level of production and employment. . . ." An examination of the CED record turns up objective evidence of juggling or extreme carelessness with statistics, which tends to short-change the American people on postwar employment. I refer to the measurement of the gap between the prewar level of production and production after the war. In the original study, "Markets After the War," by S. Morris Livingston (of the Department of Commerce), which has served as the Bible of the CED planners, the estimate is made that if we attained only the 1940 level of production in the postwar year 1946, we should have about 19½ million unemployed. "It seems almost certain," Mr. Livingston wrote, "that postwar output must exceed the best prewar year. If it should be no more than in 1940, there would be the 9 million who were unemployed in 1940, plus the 2½ million added to the civilian labor force between 1940 and 1946, plus 8 million who would be displaced by improvements in efficiency over the 6 years—a total of over 19 million unemployed."

Despite its conservative nature, Mr. Livingston's measure of the magnitude of the postwar task has never been publicized by the CED. The 19½-million figure is not to be found in any of the CED speeches or propaganda pamphlets. . . . In its first annual report, published last fall, the CED makes explicit reference to the gap on the basis of 1940 production. "If production in 1946 is no higher than the level of 1940," the CED declares, "the number of unemployed may reach the staggering total of 15 millions or more." Four and a half million unemployed disappear as if by magic.

In an article by CED Executive Director John F. Fennelly, in The New York Times Magazine, September 3, 1944, another three million unemployed bite the dust. . . . "It is estimated that a return to the 1940 level of output of goods and services," writes Mr. Fennelly, "would leave us with some 12 to 15 million unemployed workers."

What is most alarming about the CED pronouncements is their trend. . . . Ultimately we could be told that the 1940 level of production gives us no unemployment at all.

Since unemployment figures constitute society's profit-and-loss bookkeeping, I need not emphasize how important it is to avoid both innocent shifts and deliberate juggling. The evidence seems to point to deliberate juggling on the CED's part. The American people should bear this in mind when it evaluates the CED'S *tax program, and the United States Government should* bear it in mind, too, in playing host to the CED, giving it free office space and telephone service as well as the official sponsorship of the Department of Commerce.

PAUL SIFTON, Director,
Labor and Public Relations, National Farmers' Union
Washington, D. C.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

J. G. Sourwine, Reno, Nevada, counsel for Senator Pat McCarran's subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, differs with T. R. B., who in a discussion of the Senate debate over League of Nations No. 2 [The New Republic, September 18] refers to Senator McCarran as an isolationist. Mr. Sourwine argues to the contrary from the Senator's public statements. T. R. B. replies that Senator McCarran voted against five test bills: the Neutrality Act revision of October, 1939; the conscription bill, October, 1940; the Lend-Lease Act, March, 1941; the draft-extension bill, August, 1941; and the Neutrality Act revision of November, 1941. Even the strongly isolationist Senator Taft, T. R. B. reports, voted against only four of these bills.

October 12 marked the formal inauguration of a new School of Pan American Agriculture in the republic of Honduras. Founded and permanently endowed by the United Fruit Company, the school will supply free agrarian training to an enrolment of at least 160 young men from the Central American republics. The faculty of the school is drawn both from the United States and Central America, and the institution will be devoted to the development of scientific tropical agriculture in these countries.

A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, New York, a well known pacifist, writes to comment on our editorial "Compulsory Military Training" [The New Republic, August 28]. As might be expected, Mr. Muste is against compulsory military training, which he says will contribute to the feeling of insecurity in the postwar world, since it will be taken to mean that we depend on the preponderance of our military might rather than on international organization.

Michael Aronson of New York City challenges a statement in The New Republic's supplement on Governor Dewey ["Dewey: The Man and His Record," September 25], to the effect that one of the reasons for the New York state surplus under Dewey was the disappearance of relief. Mr. Aronson points out that although the cost of relief has greatly declined, there are still around 100,000 active cases in New York City alone.

Ysabel Fisk, of Arlington, Virginia, disagrees with our editorial "Stop Argentina Now!" [The New Republic, August 7]. She says that, contrary to the editorial, the landed aristocracy of Argentina do *not* support the present nationalist dictatorship. She says further that the Nationalists are protectionists, where the landholders are free-traders; clericals, where the landholders are anti-clerical; anti-British, where the landholders are closely allied with British interests; and pro-industrialization, where the landholders' interests are agricultural.

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Fall Book Number

Twenty Years of Hemingway

MR. COWLEY'S "Portable Hemingway" contains the whole of "The Sun Also Rises," the description of the retreat from Caporetto from "A Farewell to Arms," the account of Harry Morgan's slaughter of the Cubans from "To Have and Have Not" and the story of El Sordo's battle from "For Whom the Bell Tolls." It also contains the whole of "In Our Time," nine other short stories, and a brief passage from "Death in the Afternoon." I do not know for whom such a book is published, and I do not suppose it matters. People buy it and read it, and then perhaps they go and read the novels from which the extracts are taken and the other short stories, and that is all to the good, or else they read only what is in the book, and that is a good deal better than reading nothing. The selection is in some ways a strange one, but presumably it was dictated in part by practical considerations of publishing. The important thing is that there is nothing here that is not worth reading or rereading, and nothing has been omitted that is conspicuously better than what is here.

For people who have been reading Hemingway these twenty years, the book's great value—aside from the pleasant temptation to reread what one has always been promising oneself one would reread—lies in Malcolm Cowley's introduction and notes. The introductory essay, much of which appeared in The New Republic last summer, is the best critical discussion of Hemingway I have read. Curiously and even shockingly, it is one of the first discussions to examine Hemingway on his own grounds.

Hemingway, Cowley maintains, is not a naturalist, as the textbooks have said, but one of "the haunted and nocturnal writers" in the tradition of Poe, Hawthorne and Melville. Like everyone else, I have always known that Hemingway did not describe fishing and skiing, boxing and bull-fighting, drinking and sexual intercourse for their own sake. I have thought and said that violent physical activity was for Hemingway the only possible escape from a world grown too complicated and difficult and disheartening. This is partly true, but the point Cowley makes is that the acts Hemingway so often describes have for him the quality of rites. Rites are a form of escape, too, I suppose, but when one reaches this level—the level, I mean, on which all primitive and most civilized men have lived—"escape" cannot be used as a term of abuse. Hemingway, that is to say, though he appears to be dealing with the surface behavior of bored and not very representative individuals, is actually touching upon a profound and almost universal phenomenon. Perhaps that is why so many critics have felt in his work power and significance that their analyses did not account for.

Even writing, Cowley suggests, is a form of incantation or exorcism for Hemingway, and he quotes some of the many passages in which autobiographical characters speak of the cartharsis writing can give. This, too, explains a good deal. Back in 1936, when John Peale Bishop was saying that Hemingway had gone bad as a writer, two wonderful stories—"The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"—proved that his fears were exaggerated. Four years later "For Whom The Bell Tolls" made it clear that Hemingway was the most disciplined craftsman of his generation. Because Hemingway has represented himself as a hard-boiled anti-intellectual, it has always seemed incongruous that he should care so much about the craft of writing, but now we can see the roots of his devotion. "If he wrote it," Nick thinks in "Fathers and Sons," "he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them." Craftsmanship has always been for Hemingway a means of getting at the truth, and one understands why: if he didn't get it right, it did no good.

All of Hemingway's compulsions stem from his feeling about death, with which he has been concerned in a way that few authors have since John Donne posed for a sculptor wrapped in his winding-sheet. Some evidence—"Fathers and Sons," for example—suggests that this preoccupation took shape before his experiences in the First World War. At any rate it is to be felt in everything he has written. Bishop speaks of the apprehensiveness Hemingway displayed in the early twenties in Paris, and apprehensiveness is the mood of the majority of his characters. For some of them the fear of death becomes so acute that the only cure is defiance of death. This is what Wilson, the guide, knows and Macomber briefly learns, and it is what the bull-fighters know, the only people who ever live their lives all the way up. If the men who stalk death in the arena and the jungle do not live long, they live well: there is a law of compensation. Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is resolved not to be one of those much possessed by death, but the certainty of death is there from the moment Pilar reads his hand, indeed from the moment Golz gives his orders; and the ultimate moral of the book for Hemingway is that the fullness of life in the three days before the dynamiting of the bridge negates the tragedy of Jordan's death. There is more to the novel than that, certainly, but nothing in it that is more important.

In discussing ritual and symbol, Cowley makes an interesting point about the influence of Hemingway's early contacts with Indians. He neglects, however, a greater influence, Hemingway's Catholicism. I do not know whether Hemingway has ever been a "good" Catholic, but surely the fact of his being a "bad" Catholic—like Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry—has to be reckoned with. As the lovely dialogue between Frederic Henry and Count Greffi in "A Farewell to Arms" indicates, his fears and doubts are sharpened by an awareness of a conceivable faith in the order and purpose of the universe. This awareness is always present, but the response to it broadens from the anguish of Frederic Henry, who is *croyant* at night, to the stoical affirmation of Anselmo in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." "Let *them* have God," Anselmo says. "Clearly I miss Him, having been brought up in religion. But now a man is responsible to himself."

[1] The Portable Hemingway, edited by Malcolm Cowley. New York: The Viking Press. 672 pages. $2.

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Cowley is right in emphasizing the strain of primitivism in Hemingway, but it will not do to make too much of that particular theme. Next in importance to his concern with death, and closely related to it, is his concern with human loneliness. In the early work it is only in a rare kind of sexual relationship and in brief moments of male companionship that a man escapes loneliness, and both experiences are transient. Harry Morgan's discovery in "To Have and Have Not" that a man cannot stand alone is not wholly convincing in terms of the novel, but its meaning for Hemingway became apparent in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Here for the first time a Hemingway hero has a rich sense of the support that a beloved woman, a group of comrades and a cause can give—in death as well as life.

Now it is this sense of living in the group and surviving in the group that is the primitive sense, whereas the feeling of isolation is sophisticated. Individualism in the philosophical sense is rare in most primitive societies and apparently nonexistent in many. Primitive man confronts all the experiences of life, including death, as part of a group, and his rituals—never private affairs like Hemingway's—grow out of and intensify the feeling of group solidarity. Civilization breaks down the small, integrated groups, and man comes to feel that he is alone. For us, the sense of belonging is something to be achieved, not a heritage, and, as is clear in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," it is always precarious.

It is strange that Hemingway, who has always hated pretentiousness, has found pretentious titles for all of his novels. If the titles are to be accepted at face value, he has written about a generation, about a war, about the struggle between rich and poor and about human solidarity. As a matter of fact, only the fourth of the novels lives up to the wider implications of its name, and even "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is not wholly or with perfect success what it purports to be. It is perhaps unfortunate that his novels should have seemed to attempt so much. If one admits at the beginning that his men and women are in many respects not widely representative, one is more likely to see them for what they are, and to discover, as Cowley has discovered, that it is not their outward behavior that makes them important but their fears and their adjustments to their fears. If, that is, Jake Barnes is not representative of the postwar generation—and outwardly I don't see how he can be—he may, looked at closely, stand for an even larger segment of humanity.

To call Hemingway a great writer is not, it should be needless to say, to express agreement with all or any of his views. But Cowley has put this as well as it can be put:

> By now he has earned the right to be taken for what he is, with his great faults and greater virtues, with his narrowness, his power, his always open eyes, his stubborn, chip-on-the-shoulder honesty, his nightmares, his rituals for escaping them, and his sense of an inner and outer world that for twenty years were moving together toward the same disaster.

In the recent Collier's articles one sees pictures of Hemingway, the bearded, self-confident veteran surrounded by apprehensive kids in uniform, and one can smile, thinking of what he has said about war, thinking about his love of poses; but here, too, his demon is driving him, and some day we may be glad that he has again gone where his demon bade.

GRANVILLE HICKS

From Carlyle to Shaw

A Century of Hero-Worship: A Study of the Idea of Heroism in Carlyle and Nietzsche with Notes on other Hero-Worshipers of Modern Times, by Eric Russell Bentley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 307 pages. $3.50.

MR. BENTLEY has tried to deal with a very important subject: the undeniable split that took place toward the middle of the nineteenth century between humanitarian ideals and intellectual developments, so that when eventually the Western world found itself confronted with a resurgence of political despotism, the intellectuals and the artists seemed to be, if not on the side of despotism, at least indifferent to it. The problem is the most complex among those that a contemporary intellectual can attempt to disentangle. It implies philosophical as well as sociological analysis, and, above all, a radical renunciation of any preconceived and conventional attitude. It is very doubtful that it can be attacked in a global way. General ideas are of no avail, because it is precisely the validity of general ideas and traditional ways of thinking that is in question. The alternative is to start by proving all over again the meaning and validity of one's general assumptions. In other words, it is a matter of how radically and consistently one is capable of actually applying methodic doubt.

Having been struck by the fact that Carlyle, Nietzsche, Wagner, Shaw, Spengler, D. H. Lawrence and Stefan George have in common an anti-democratic attitude, Mr. Bentley has tried to show that they have in common also a philosophy, or at least a *Weltanschauung*. And having thought that they have in common a *Weltanschauung*, he has tried to show that the essence of this world attitude is also the essence of the modern attack on democracy. Both steps were absolutely unwarranted, so that the series of intellectual biographies sketched by Mr. Bentley is completely blurred, and the justification that there might have been for his attempt utterly shattered. Having chosen to take at their face value such concepts as vitalism, historicism and heroism, Mr. Bentley ends in confusion and insecurity, a confusion and an insecurity that are apparent from the very beginning.

The title of the book would seem to suggest that from 1840, the date of Carlyle's lectures on heroes, until 1940, the date of Hitler's scalp dance at Compiègne, the outstanding and most significant intellectual attitude in European culture has been the cult of the heroic in history. Such an assumption, of course, is not tenable. So it is immediately corrected in the subtitle, conceived in a spirit of very conciliatory prudence. We open the volume and in the Foreword we find that, "In this book, the word *heroism* does not mean just any sort of human goodness. It has reference to a philosophy of life that was intended by its champions to be to the centuries that lie ahead more than Catholicism ever was to the Middle Ages. The half-dozen minds examined in the following pages do not come together by accident." What they have in common is that "each has one foot in the democratic camp and one in the fascist camp."

Says Mr. Bentley: Carlyle, Nietzsche, Wagner, Shaw, Spengler, Lawrence and George were artists, and the fact is that "democracy has not liked the artist, and the

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artist has not liked democracy." Spengler an artist? Well, Mr. Bentley shifts, all these people "speak with imagination." And he goes on to name Proust, Thomas Mann, Joyce, Rilke, Yeats and Eliot, whose work, he adds, "implies dislike not only of what democracy actually is, but of what democracy is even in aspiration." Is the problem now going to be the relationship between democracy and the artist, or rather between democracy and the "imaginative"? What has happened to the hero?

The trouble with Mr. Bentley is that he is totally incapable of remaining faithful to a single one of the assumptions on which his effort is supposed to be based. As soon as the stream becomes perilous, he quickly changes horses. What he does with Heroic Vitalism, his basic concept, is quite typical of his technique. The clearest meaning of this phrase, as far as one can understand, is: the cult of the Hero plus the cult of the Life Force. These concepts are extremely hazy and should be defined, since it is obviously difficult to include under the same heading a conception of the hero such as Carlyle's which embraces Doctor Johnson together with Frederick II, and Nietzsche's Superman, which is certainly a very ambiguous notion but not to the point of including indiscriminately poets, prelates and kings, all men "of courage and nobility" (which is one definition Mr. Bentley gives of the hero, although by no means the only one). And how far does Heroic Vitalism have to be stretched in order to hold G. B. Shaw and D. H. Lawrence at the same time?

Mr. Bentley is well aware of the difficulty. In fact, I should say that he is aware how impossible it is to maintain that the Hero and the Life Force can have the same meaning in Carlyle and in Shaw, in Spengler and in Wagner, in Nietzsche and in D. H. Lawrence. This would be very much to his credit, were it not that he uses his awareness for the sole purpose of confusing the issue. He starts by hinting that only Carlyle and Nietzsche are actually related to each other, the only authentic Heroic Vitalists. He applies psychoanalysis to them, and finds out that both Carlyle and Nietzsche lost not only their fathers but their Gods; hence in both, a spasmodic longing for the breast and the womb, and unfortunate relations with women; hence, the strong ambivalence in their philosophies. In comparison with such striking parallels, the other characters of the book are just tangential Hero-Worshipers (although the great family of Heroic Vitalists still clutches them to its bosom).

But Mr. Bentley has hardly begun to talk when he finds himself saying that, after all, Carlyle is "perhaps even closer to the exponent of historical Nietzscheanism, Oswald Spengler" than to Nietzsche. And when he speaks about Spengler, he is obliged to admit that Spengler's hero "has not much control over the destined course of history." In fact, as Mr. Bentley knows, Spengler has no use at all for individuals, the only individualities (provided with a soul) being for him the organisms he calls Cultures. The conclusion would seem to be: *Exeunt* both the Hero and the Superman. But not for Mr. Bentley, who goes on expounding in eight belabored and numbered paragraphs how Carlyle, Nietzsche and Spengler blessedly communicate in Heroic Vitalism (although he graciously admits that "Spengler's idea of the hero is less various and suggestive").

The essence of Mr. Bentley's procedure is best revealed in the following sentences about Wagner and Nietzsche: "Neither Richard Wagner nor Bernard Shaw are Heroic Vitalists *tout court*. Wagner is an Heroic Vitalist with some contrary leanings; Shaw sometimes leans toward Heroic Vitalism but is not an Heroic Vitalist." This does not in the least prevent the author from listing both Wagner and Shaw under his pet heading throughout the rest of the book, and more especially in its final chapers, where there is also a sudden irruption of William James, the Marquis de Sade, the surrealists and a few others.

As for the political implications of Heroic Vitalism, and more especially its relationship to liberalism and democracy, it is difficult to discuss them, since these terms are accepted by him on their most commonplace and propagandistic levels, so that they are completely meaningless. So meaningless, in fact, that in the peroration of his book Mr. Bentley is able to exclaim: "What is more basic to democracy than 'careers open to talent' . . .?" and to find the slogan of a future rejuvenated democracy in this well known Napoleonic motto, the universal bait of despots.

Mr. Bentley could have written a sensible and modest series of essays, like the chapter on Stefan George, which is at least informative. He has written instead a pretentious and confused book. And one wouldn't even mind the confusion so much were the author not so excessively wary.

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

Varieties of Poetic Statement

V-Letter and Other Poems, by Karl Shapiro. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 63 pages. $2.
Land of Unlikeness, by Robert Lowell. Cummington, Mass.: The Cummington Press. 22 pages. $3.
The Summer Landscape, by Rolfe Humphries. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 pages. $1.75.

I THINK it can be said that poetry resembles the dream in at least one very important sense: the latent content, or meaning, is not necessarily identical with the manifest content, or meaning; and indeed one may question whether it is not precisely when the two kinds of meaning are most at variance that the poetry becomes most rewardingly alive. The poet may believe, for example, in a given poem, that he is praising life, all life, with all the profundity and richness of which he is capable: such praise, and searchingly, is his theme: and the praise is in fact there. But also there, and to a great extent unknown to the poet, may be just such a selection of images, phrases, rhythms, chosen in spite of himself out of old habits and preoccupations, as will undo the praise entirely, and lend to it the unmistakable accents of despair. And it is at these moments, when the poet is unconsciously driving a tandem of meanings in such a way that he is himself drawn to the right or left of his preconceived path, that poetry is most recognizably and beautifully itself. The poetry is precisely in that harmonization of two conflicting voices: it is in the shimmer between two values: the oracle is ambiguous, but in its very ambiguity we find a new kind of statement. The "praise," in the above instance, is tragic. And similarly, a satire might be resonant with praise.

If something of this sort is true, then we have a rough-and-ready way of classifying varieties of poetic statement

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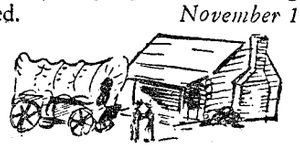

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which might, on occasion, be useful. This varying ratio of latent to manifest meaning, might it not eventually be discovered to correspond in some degree to the old counters of "romantic" and "classic"? And with the helpful addition of a workable psychological principle. At the one extreme, we would find a maximum of manifest statement or content, and the latent content at the barest perceptible minimum: whether or not it was in verse, this work would be very close to prose. At the other extreme, where latent meaning was overwhelmingly disproportionate to manifest, we would find ourselves in the realm of "pure" poetry, poetry all affect, the poetry of nonsense and hallucination: the highly romantic and disequilibrated poetry of those poets who profess to dispense with meaning altogether, or to offer as a substitute for it simply a form or an image, or a constellation of images. And midway between, where the equivocation was controlled and pure, the two meanings inextricably compounded into a third, lies the possibility of the sort of perfection which we call classic. Abundance seems the richer for being restrained with the lightest of hands: feeling and thought fall lucidly into one pattern, each complementing the other.

The exciting thing about the poetry of Karl Shapiro is that at its best, and even when it is not at its best, it is perhaps the only poetry we have had in a generation, or even in two, which continually approaches this kind of balanced excellence. It is a more masculine poetry than any we have lately been accustomed to: its range is remarkable, all the way from the savagely satirical, as in "The Fly," a masterpiece of moral horror and intellectual disgust, to the rich and tender love poem which is the title poem of his new book, or the triumphant calm precision of the "Elegy for a Dead Soldier." Any one of these would suffice to make the reputation of a poet: but so would "The Christmas Tree," or "Interlude," or "D. H. L.," or "The Saint," in this book, or "The Twins," or "The Poet," in "Person, Place and Thing." And the unmistakable and assured power that creates and animates all these, lies, I think, in the fact that Mr. Shapiro drives such a *tandem* of meanings as we have just been discussing above. He can be as purely "poetic" as anyone else, when he likes—witness the pyrotechnics of "Nigger" or "Fireworks"—just as he can also on occasion be purely satirical; but his real domain lies between, the controlled poetic abundance brought into the magnetic realm of an idea. He thinks with his feelings, thinks with his imagination, and the result is a curious and delightful poetic analysis, or criticism, of the given theme. Nothing could be subtler than his symbolic dissection and synthesis of D. H. Lawrence. Into a short poem, he can pack a whole ethnological and sociological treatise on the island predicament of the Australians. And "The Twins" is a little piece of pure psychological magic. One metrical fault one finds here and there—a tendency to fall into a loose and slightly rackety anapaestic or dactylic movement, which tumbles a little too much. A small enough complaint: for this book is no promise, it is an achievement.

To go from Mr. Shapiro to Robert Lowell, a newcomer, is to go back three hundred years, and in more senses than one. For not only is Mr. Lowell a formalist, whose models and congeners are such seventeenth-century formalists as Drayton and Crashaw, Vaughan and Traherne, but he is also, as Allen Tate remarks in his Introduction, "consciously a Catholic poet"; and it would be idle to pretend that one does not find this predilection intellectually embarrassing and retrogressive. It may be true that the poetry is the thing, and not the belief it rests upon, as F. O. Matthiessen very persuasively argued in his study of Eliot; but I think it is also unanswerably true that in the *last* analysis, as between two poets of equal poetic merit, that one will be the greater, the more wholly sustaining, whose range of reference is wider than any orthodoxy could endow, freer than it would permit: intellectual limitations, there is no gainsaying it, are crippling, even if they are only implicit, and, as it were, offstage. Mr. Tate is right when he says that Mr. Lowell's style is bold and powerful. It is. His angry and violent use of Catholic symbolism is often—as in the fine "On the Eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception"—extraordinarily effective. Here and elsewhere in his book Mr. Lowell's undercurrent of fierce satire contributes an immense vigor and gusto, just as it does for Mr. Shapiro: is it perhaps an element of doubt that thus rears its angry and creative head? When this slackens, however, the verse tends to become either turgid and strained or merely heraldic, and the thematic limitations more manifest. There are enough good things of a non-religious sort here—"In Memory of Arthur Winslow," "The Drunken Fisherman"—to give one hope that Mr. Lowell will expand his range. He already has the power.

Rolfe Humphries' new book seems pretty slight by comparison with such essentially masculine work as Mr. Shapiro's or Mr. Lowell's. This is engaging enough occasional verse, for the most part; and on the whole, but not in a derogatory sense, it is nearer perhaps to *vers de société* than to poetry. The internal pressure is low, one misses here almost entirely the sense of two-voicedness that enriches and makes vascular the work of the two other poets. But like Austin Dobson, that forgotten master of light verse, Mr. Humphries can turn a nice lyric, as in "Aria," or "They Talk About the Weather"; and he has the honest virtue, rare enough, of never overreaching himself.

CONRAD AIKEN

The Innocent Eye

William Sidney Mount, by Bartlett Cowdrey and Hermann Warner Williams Jr. With a Foreword by Harry B. Wehle. New York: Columbia University Press. 54 pages; 33 illustrations. $5.

Winslow Homer, by Lloyd Goodrich. New York: The Macmillan Company. 241 pages; 93 illustrations. $7.50.

THESE STUDIES of Mount and Homer make valuable contributions to our understanding of two successive generations of our nineteenth-century painting. How careless we have been about Mount, though he was the pioneer of our native genre school, is attested by the painstaking catalogue in this monograph, which still has to state for more than fifty of his works, "Present Location Unknown." Only a short biographical essay is needed for all the recoverable facts about this Long Island boy who started out as a sign painter in New York in 1824. But the authors have related his career to the development of

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American culture, and it is only unfortunate that their stiffly academic writing has not kept pace with the fascination of their subject. The full-length biography of Homer is a different story. Not only was there much more material available, but Lloyd Goodrich has already proved himself, in his comparable book on Eakins, one of our few matured critics in this field. In the ever growing tendency to vulgarize and cheapen our cultural history by reducing it to a series of chatty anecdotes, it is invigorating to hear Goodrich begin by saying that our most important knowledge about Homer is to "be found in his work, where like every artist he left the most complete record of himself."

In the light of that record, and of the excellent reproductions in both these volumes, we can see that the critical issue about both Mount and Homer is the same one that raged once about the local-color school, and that rages now about the regionalists and the various proponents of the American scene, in literature as well as in painting.

Mount first came under the influence of the grandiose manner of Benjamin West, and tried his hand, very clumsily, at "Christ Raising the Daughter of Jairus." For those who believe that an American artist can strike vitality only by treating immediate native themes, his shift from such a subject to "The Rustic Dance" marks a significant victory. As Harry Wehle notes in his foreword: "It was no mere coincidence that the Jacksonian epoch should have aroused an unprecedented interest in genre painting, a form of art so democratic that it can be enjoyed by anyone who takes pleasure in observing the characteristic behavior of the human animal in his more or less handmade habitat." Mount, an ardent Democrat, decided to break away from the formal studios and to paint "by the wayside—in porter saloons, blacksmith shops, shoe shops, wherever character can be found." He would thus seem to have anticipated by a century John Curry's dictum that "The artist ought to paint people doing things." He went back to the country, and, like Whittier, took pride in his reliance upon the common life around him. But he had also responded eagerly to Washington Allston's advice to study such Flemish and Dutch masters as Van Ostade and Steen.

His contemporary reputation was for his "comic pictures," such as "The Truant Gamblers" or "Raffling for a Goose." But though these still impress us with the freshness and firmness of vision that mark them off from the easy sentimentality into which most of our subsequent genre painters were to descend, Mount's few best canvases have a somewhat different effect. In "Eel Spearing at Setauket" and "Long Island Farmhouses" he is no longer relying upon a humorous or dramatic situation for the main source of his interest. Here he shows what he meant by his resolve to follow nature "with truth." Here his broader designs and simple but harmonious tonal patterns show also that he had come to a greater mastery of his medium. These pictures live, not just because they are authentic records of the American scene, but because they project in addition a plastic life of their own.

This same question as to the relative claims of subject matter and technique can be read through the course of Homer's development. Having served as an apprentice to a Boston engraver, he was virtually self-taught as a painter when, almost twenty-seven, he began to work in oils, and gained his first recognition as an illustrator of Civil War scenes. As Goodrich notes, he shunned the heroic, and gave a very full account of how the soldiers looked and acted. It is only when we compare these pictures with Whitman's "Drum Taps" that we realize that Homer's reading of character was relatively superficial. He was an exact contemporary of Howells, and as he proceeded to depict other phases of his milieu, ladies with parasols at the beach, boys playing snap the whip, he expressed something akin to that realist's quiet optimism. His particular distinction, which he had displayed as early as his charming "Croquet Scene" (1866), was his flair for delicate linear design.

By early middle age he had won his rank as our leading master of genre, several notches above a J. G. Brown or even an Eastman Johnson. Yet the chief interest of his career is how he went on to transcend altogether the narrow limitations of that school, just as Sarah Jewett transcended those of local color in fiction. If we had to judge Homer by his earnest scenes of action like "The Life Line" or "The Look Out," he would fall far below Eakins in the handling of rounded form and in structural massiveness. But, as Goodrich stresses, we must not forget that Homer was also an exact contemporary of the French impressionists, and that, developing quite independently of them, he made his own American reaction to the age's growing interest in the open air. He would never have agreed with Manet's statement that "The most important person in any picture is the light," since he always held to a dogged concern with the object in itself. He never reached anything like Renoir's full sensuousness, but particularly after he began to work in water color, at the age of thirty-seven, he advanced rapidly in spontaneity and in a cool luminosity. The biggest single stimulus to his color was his first visit to the Bahamas in 1884. He had previously been a pioneer in painting Negroes, not as an occasion for kindly humor, but as handsome human beings; and his response to their magnificent dark bodies under the brilliant skies of the southern islands brought to his palette a wholly new range.

He was to become our leading water colorist of the nineteenth century, as he continued to add his series in the Adirondacks and on the Canadian streams to those near his final home at Prout's Neck, Maine. When Goodrich remarks that Homer "saw nature less like a poet than a woodsman," we realize that he took the same kind of physical delight in his surroundings as a Parkman or a Hemingway. But at a time when we seem determined once again to confuse an artist's surroundings with his performance—or as Sarah Jewett put it, our scaffoldings with our buildings—it is important to note that Homer's essential growth was in more and more flexible control of his medium. His remained the innocent eye. The growth was from within, not from any other painting here or abroad, but it was none the less a painter's growth, not that of a reporter. As Mount had said, "Originality is not confined to one place or country." Homer became an original painter, on grounds comparable to those that make Frost an original poet, in contrast to whatever slick or folksy regionalists, be they of Iowa or Maine. Or on grounds that make John Marin our greatest water colorist, in contrast to ditto.

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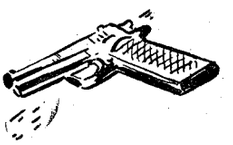

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Ladies' Day

Beast in View, by Muriel Rukeyser. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 98 pages. $2.
Moderate Fable, by Marguerite Young. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 60 pages. $2.
Five Young American Poets: 1944. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 215 pages. $3.
Nevertheless, by Marianne Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. 14 pages. $1.25.
The Walls Do Not Fall, by H. D. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 pages. $2.
The Golden Mirror, by Marya Zaturenska. New York: The Macmillan Company. 71 pages. $1.75.
Take Them Stranger, by Babette Deutsch. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 72 pages. $2.
Birth Is Farewell, by Dilys Bennett Laing. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 53 pages. $1.75.

I HAVE for consideration here no less than eight books of verse by women poets. Perhaps so many have appeared because most of the publishable male poets are in the armed services, though certainly some of them deserve to see print no matter what the competition. As a starter, I should object to the classification "women poets," which is slightly unfair if we are to judge them by the same standards as we judge any poetry, which we do. Bringing these poets together was a matter of their books having been published at about the same time, rather than of any design.

Muriel Rukeyser's latest book is also her best, if for no other reason than that it contains her finest poem, "Ajanta." Here she has really achieved the height of a permanent poem, complete in its own logic and unity. Otherwise her book is a collection of forms which she has essayed to use in her assiduous search for techniques: lyric, sonnet, elegy, etc. These rhythmic shapes she uses much like planks being tested by the foot of an elephant about to cross a chasm. Miss Rukeyser's acumen over matters of choosing the right folklore, her fireworks of imagery, strain these forms without allowing them properly to shape a complete poem. Her general fault is an overabundance of material. In the midst of one poem she habitually begins another, and though practising a perpetual literary sleight-of-hand, sometimes manages to cover a hatrack of form with a mammoth smothering wool comforter of vocabulary. Yet certainly "Ajanta" is one of the important poems of the decade, and, in spite of my rather severe objections to Miss Rukeyser's lengthy discourse, this fourth book of hers is living, resonant with the activity of a poet at work.

However, overabundance of material is not a fault of Miss Rukeyser alone, but a prevalent contemporary deficiency. Excess length and volume of dazzling content seem to have fascinated many good talents into leaving the straight and narrow path of functional unity of emotion with performance. Marguerite Young's book, too, for all its slimness, suffers from a spate of quantity in things and ideas. Her great riches of "crucial elements" (spiders, gazelles, whales, slow motion, high subjectivity, etc.) form a kind of glittering phrasal parade, like Macy's Thanksgiving procession of animals. If the poems had no titles, we could call "Moderate Fable" an immoderately continuous poem that could end anywhere. It is an exhilarating second volume and a decided advance over the first, even if tiring at one dose. Yet any good book of poetry can tire in a single sitting. The difference is that in the case of a book by, say Auden, the reader is forced to lay it down in order to assimilate the poem just read before orientating himself to the next one. Only in her slighter pieces, such as "Death by Rarity" and "Speculative Evening," does Miss Young approximate the state of unity between her complex material and the simple essence of her emotion.

Jean Garrigue is the best of "The Five Young American Poets." Yet she, too, suffers in her own special way from the dominant fault of abundance not properly rationed into poems. Whereas Miss Rukeyser uses the social theme for background, and Miss Young her playful philosophy in a world of birds and animals, Miss Garrigue is intense with passion and outright concern, giving her verses a rich lyrical texture. Her work shows the Yeatsian influence strongly, the nebulosity of many poems argues a carelessness at the source, and yet some of the poems come to terrible terms with the subconscious of the reader. In such poems as "The Stranger" and "The Circle," Miss Garrigue reaches an authority of emotion which it is now her problem to maintain and excel.

Marianne Moore's little book, really a pamphlet in hard covers, is filled with tight-lipped, well worked poems. Miss Moore does not utilize the social consciousness, the theatrical philosophy or the passion of her younger peers, but she has the wisdom to stick to the niche of syllabic patterns she has created for herself. "Nevertheless" is more of our highly esteemed Marianne Moore. There is no doubt that in her "In Distrust of Merits" she is not only at her best, but gives us one of the finest war poems we have had by a first-line poet.

H. D., also out of the twenties, comes with a sudden new book. She had prominence in the heyday of the Imagists and Mr. MacLeish can, I believe, now have the address of the Imagists, care of H. D.'s publisher. These poems show an unsocial articulateness chastened by a real world which has finally broken into her retreat and is having its say. "The Walls Do Not Fall" is a surprisingly good little book, the work of a poet with authentic, if limited, sensibility who has risen, if not to the vitality of some of the poets of the forties, at least to their awareness and sense of responsibility.

The rest of our list is quite disappointing. Miss Zaturenska's reputation is too far ahead of her work. The poems run on, beginning in fog and ending in mist, page after page, without even the fault of overabundance, which can be, after all, the beginning of a virtue. What is remarkable about "The Golden Mirror" is that it manages never to be silly; it is sad verse without any real grief, a long stretch of boring seriousness. There is nothing bad in this book, if triteness ("From inspired fingers flow/Thoughts that sing and words that glow"—"The exquisite arms and hands, the body's studied grace"), amorphousness ("Simple and nude as the head's living hair") and pretentiousness (the literary references) aren't bad. For all her poems on Cowper, Rousseau and her "Variations on a Theme by George Herbert," Miss Zaturenska's work resembles Harold Vinal's quack poetry.

Of the next three poets there is little to say. Miss Deutsch has, with an astonishing persistence over two long decades,

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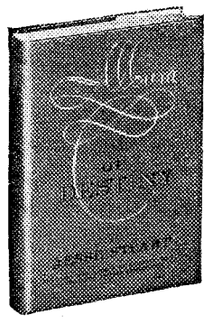

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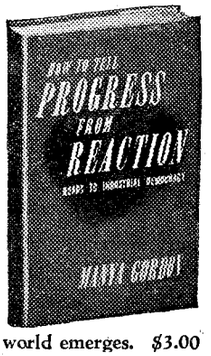

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been unable to make up for her lack of talent, and gives us a nice flat book. Miss Laing's work is about the best magazine verse I have seen; her gift is a grain of sand in a very mountainous world. Her failure must be blamed on too much receptivity of the plaudits of such pundits as William Rose Benét of The Saturday Review of Literature, Donald Adams of The New York Times Poet's Column and Louis Untermeyer of the Sanctum Sanctorum, whose teachings, if taken seriously, make a fine course in mediocrity. Eve Merriam (in "Five Young American Poets"), who is chary and has an ear for better advice, does not, however, possess the lyrical gift. Her poems are modern, well informed if not sophisticated, full of streamlined, bright little nothings.

Although I have pointed out the faults of some of the poets here considered, I should wish the general reader to bear in mind the fact that any review must be related to the whole picture of the reading scene. That is, serious reviewers have severe standards, hence the more important books are often most thoroughly torn apart while popular novels and books of political journalese are blown up with praise by reviewers who have no policy of comparing a contemporary work with literature of permanent value. I should be doing a disservice to the reader if I did not point out that even a third-rate book of poetry, written with serious intent, is much more worth purchasing than a second-rate novel or a first-rate piece of journalistic reporting.

OSCAR WILLIAMS

Two-Way Cultural Relations

Cities of Latin America, by Francis Violich. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation. 241 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

A YOUNG CITY PLANNER from San Francisco spent a year in Central and South America. His purpose was to study the historic form and present quality of cities, housing and architecture south of the Rio Grande, "not merely to find out what was 'happening', but to learn what was being *consciously* done to improve the urban environment."

His interests were not limited to the technical side. He sincerely believed that North and South America should know each other better, and wanted to contribute to that mutual knowledge. He had none of the inhibitions on political and economic matters prevalent among technicians, and tackled such problems forthrightly, if with occasional naïveté. He was equipped with humility, enthusiasm, curiosity, some knowledge of Spanish, a Mediterranean heritage of his own, and a valuable habit of liking and getting along easily with people, as well as a trained professional eye.

The result was a trip, and a book, that could well serve as models for efforts toward improved hemispheric relations. Not merely a technical study that happens to have popular human appeal as well, it is a broad and exciting interpretation of Latin America and Latin Americans from a particular personal and professional viewpoint. It proves once more that you can often learn, and convey, more history, geography, economics, politics and social understanding by pursuing one subject informally through all its ramifications and personal contacts, even without expert training in all the related fields, than by presuming to cover the universe from the start. Perhaps this is exceptionally true if the subject is physical environment.

What makes the south particularly interesting and challenging to the north are its extremes: of geography and climate, of old and new, reaction and modernity, indifference and energetic idealism, provincial ignorance and cosmopolitan sophistication, economic feudalism and political immaturity along with social and racial democracy unequaled in the U.S.A. The excellent photographs in this book provide visual documentation of this dramatic counterpoint. It is understandable why we seem on the whole a dull, temperate country to our neighbors, a civilization of salesmen, despite our envied higher standard of living for the masses and romantic prowess in science and technology.

Their housing conditions are worse than ours, and a full description of slum types—*rancho*, *conventillo*, *cortico* and *favella*—is included. But slum clearance and public housing have been accepted government policy ever since 1910, closely tied in with social-security programs. And in spite of great difficulties, including the absence of any developed building industry, "the republics of Latin America are doing a valiant, earnest job of tackling the housing problem."

The masses of people are much deeper sunk in poverty and illiteracy, but there are forces developing, greatly speeded by the war situation, which can rapidly transform the economic base from colonial exploitation to industrial independence—particularly if we recognize the mutual advantage of such a change.

There is another side to the picture, however. Latin America has ingrained highly developed civic qualities from which we could learn much if we stopped conceiving "cultural relations" as a one-way stream. "With nothing like the wealth and resources of the United States, Latin technicians have built, and are building, cities which outrank ours in the use of imagination and the provision of facilities for rich social living."

From fantastic Macchu Picchu, Andean citadel where prehistoric Incas preserved their civilization for five hundred years until the valley was safe once more, to the elegant modern architecture of Rio's new public buildings and the parks and waterfront of Montevideo, is a long way in time and space. But the tradition of urbanity, civic pride and a highly developed community life is as constant in South America as it is lacking in the United States.

"Thus we can learn from the Latins," sums up Mr. Violich, "to make our sterile cities more human, more habitable, more urbane. We can learn how satisfying are less material values, and we can give vigor to our still immature, newly emerging culture. We can slow down our frantic pace, and reshape our cities for increased leisure and more pleasant living. We can use the cities of Latin America as a bridge to recapture some of those forgotten but coveted habits which our ancestors left behind in the cities of Europe."

Anyone who contemplates a visit to South America some day, perhaps on the tourist dollars the author proposes, perhaps to provide the technical aid so badly wanted, will find this book entertaining and stimulating. And whoever reads it is likely to end up with the idea of some such trip in mind, whether he had it to start with or not.

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Art and Resistance

Boston Adventure, by Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 496 pages. $2.75.

WITH ITS FIRST PAGE, tuned to the glazed and dying night-music of Proust's Overture, "Boston Adventure" brings us into the mind of a young girl so high in her style and so low in society that one's first impression is that Gorky's tramp characters have stolen into the cork-lined room. The immediate life Sonie Marburg describes is a town across the bay from Boston where an immigrant couple, a German artisan and his Russian chambermaid wife, are destroying each other in poverty, mutual recrimination and vicious fantasies. The broken father soon flees; an epileptic son is born whose life is truly nasty, brutish and short; the mother becomes insane. But Sonie's real life is in Boston, whose golden dome on top of the state capitol is the crown of all her own longings for tranquillity, culture and peace—which is to say that it is in her mind. And it is the explorations of that mind, winding themselves in all the pearly chains of modern sensibility, groping higher and higher for that resistance through absolute understanding which will eclipse the past, that give us the needed relation between Sonie's experience and her imagination.

Miss Stafford's remarkably fine novel has been praised for its range and depth of perception, its style, and for a distinction, as I see it, that springs from the meeting of genuine personal culture with deep independence of sight. It has also, because of certain echoes, been analyzed for its Proustian qualities. But not enough has been said of the real Proustian epic in it, which makes an inner pattern: Sonie's effort to resist the damaging, the purely destructive, effects of her childhood by a kind of higher cultivation and will. Just as the epic of will in Proust's work helps us to understand his own need to dominate in revery and morality, to sum up in psychological laws, the society he describes, so Sonie's strength as the narrator of her double life springs from a kind of desperate need to see at any cost. Its immediate effect is sometimes overfine, studiously grim in its integrity: a watchful kind of perception which rings too guardedly, and in which the progression of scenes can seem altogether too deliberate and shaded. Like so many serious young writers today, Miss Stafford sometimes proves overfond of that "second power by which we multiply distinctions"; and since she is not Sonie Marburg to the extent to which Proust is his own "I," it is not always possible to say where Sonie's inner fight leaves off and where the novel of sensibility raises its groaning head. But here, at least, we have an instance of what the characteristic culture of that novel of sensibility may mean; what its own human horizons are. It does not matter where Sonie learned to think this way—she certainly did not learn it in Boston; essentially it does not matter what Miss Stafford's relation to Sonie is—her identification has been full. Our real interest is in that effective resistance through understanding (what does it matter that at the height, beyond all the golden domes, the end is always a tranquil hopelessness?) by which Sonie masters the past. She really sees the human history of that which threatened her.

The effective result is that here, at last, is a novel in which sensibility is not sacrificed to representation; in which the inwardness of man, at once the deposit of events and the shaper of them, is functionally related to bold and objective visual power. Remembering Blake's remark, we can say that Sonie sees through her eye, not just with it; what we see is perhaps best illustrated in the marvelous portrait of the broken father. Hermann Marburg plays only an introductory role in the novel, and as a kind of background to another world—Germany, the classics, winter sports—by which Sonie is magnetized. Her real agony lies in her relations with her mother. But the father is important to us, as well as to Sonie's dream of freedom, because he is a man of faith who has lost his way, an artisan who is now afraid of what independence is left him. In his pride, his exuberance, his threadbare learning and his ultimate submissiveness, he is a wonderful type of the father in our society. If he is interesting because of his sensibility, his sensibility is the clue to his suffering: "this sensibility had led him away from the traditions of his religion and his work and neither the one nor the other could stand alone." And what is deepest in Miss Stafford's perception is shown in that moment of revery when Sonie, long after her father's "escape," wonders if he may not have returned to Germany and become a Nazi. "Personal culture," the term I used at the beginning of this review, is also that property of political and moral understanding, in a modern novelist, which enables us to understand the nature of the enemy.

Many readers have felt, I think, that the second half of the novel, dealing with Sonie's life in Boston and her introduction to its "aristocracy," is inferior to the description of her childhood. There is no obvious decline in method and texture; there is a subtle unevenness which comes from the shallowness of Sonie's relation to her Boston patrons, friends and possible lovers. The force and depth in the first half of the novel are there because Sonie is also describing the background of her future resistance; it has the real data in it, as well as a deeper and more personal series of relationships at every point. But though the Bostonians—Miss Pride, Dr. McAllister, Hopestill Mather—are brilliantly distinct and vivid, there is a discrepancy between their vividness and our real knowledge of them. We have not earned our perception in Pinckney Street, as we earned it across the bay. The Bostonians literally walk on, as on a stage, and they blossom forth violently, too suddenly, in highlighted satirical costumes that prick like cacti. But the father was seen with immense tenderness, and is an essential part of Sonie; the mother with a kind of luminescent horror. Sonie is no longer the full force behind her resistance, but a kind of commentator on it; though the commentary is always meaningful, we know that some essential part of Sonie's strength is spent, and that even these strangers are types.

And if we compare these scenes with Proust, we can see that the real deficiency in Sonie's resistance is that it does not lead us to society, but to her own understanding and adjustment. Charlus in the house of "joy," paying for his masochistic pleasures, is that pitiful Prometheus, chained to his iron bed, whose lustful agonies describe the fall of man even as the Gothas roar over Paris at war. Sonie has gained a certain release, but the fine scorn in her portrait of Boston is not enough to prepare us for Hope Mather's almost whispered confession that her class lives for power.

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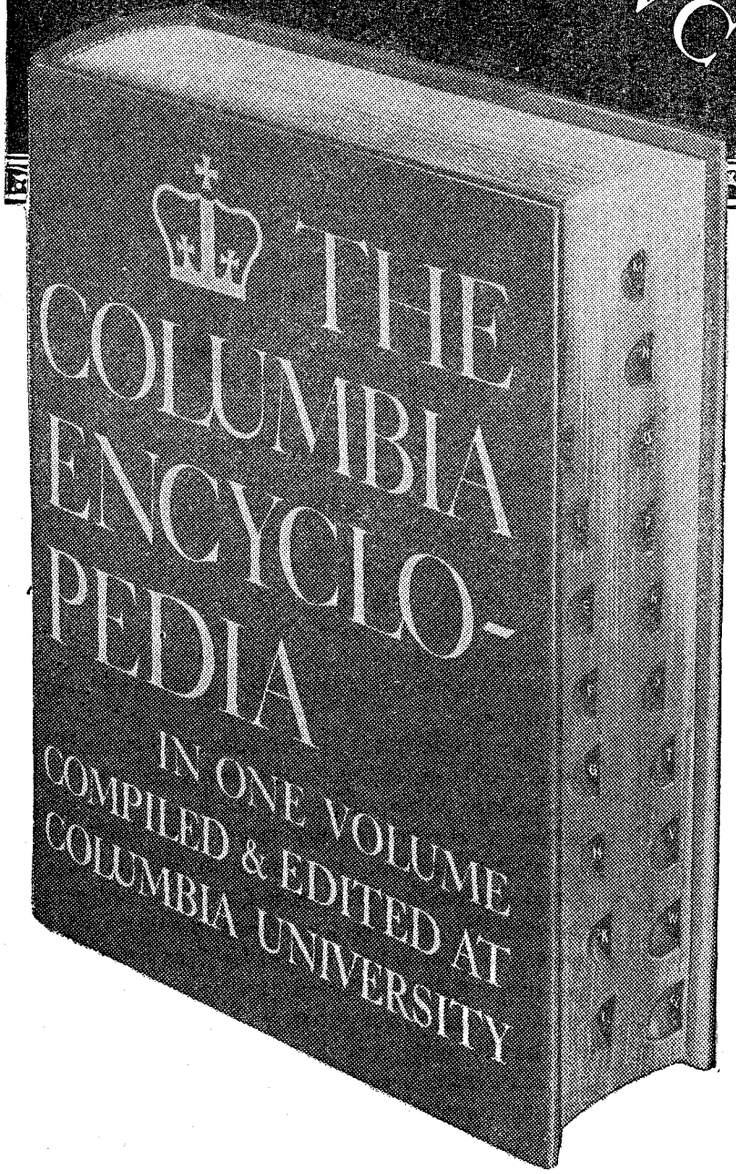

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Another "fault" in "Boston Adventure" is that the psychological generalities are sometimes inserted like bricks. It is not that the generality is wrong, but that in relation to its obvious modeling after Proust, it lacks that emerging quality which is so wonderful in Proust precisely because the novel is one long *recherche:* a quest into times that have been lost, and into that interwoven play of man in history which lies at the base of all our knowledge. Where Proust is delicate because he strains to catch every fibrous detail, Miss Stafford often allows Sonie to be merely fancy. It is her hard-won gentility then that we see, not that in vision which creates its own style.

But I must not end my review on even so "negative" a note. Miss Stafford is not Proust, and her method has many suggestive limitations which should be discussed at greater length. But she is an extraordinarily talented novelist, and her book will give great pleasure to sensitive readers.

ALFRED KAZIN

A Year of the Short Story

The Best American Short Stories of 1944, edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 468 pages. $2.75.

PERHAPS the only opinion I have held unmodified for an entire year—since reviewing Martha Foley's collection in 1943—is that there is something radically, basically and irremediably wrong with the American short-story form as such. I find nothing in the present collection to dissuade me; and while I know that in matters of taste no general statement can stand without exception—"The Good Days and the Bad," by Helen Eustis (Story), for example; it is conventional and sentimental, but nevertheless a delicate and successful projection of emotion—I will insist on defending, if not the opinion itself, at least the intuition from which it proceeds. There is something in the short story, no matter how well written, that leaves me cold.

There are, however, some five stories in this year's volume that are interesting enough to appear, on the basis of previous collections, entirely out of place. These are "That in Aleppo Once . . . " by Vladimir Nabokov (The Atlantic Monthly); "The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers (Harper's Bazaar); "Notes of a Dangling Man," by Saul Bellow; "The Mohammedans," by H. J. Kaplan; and "Of This Time, of That Place," by Lionel Trilling (all three from Partisan Review). But none of these is strictly speaking a short story. Carson McCullers' were better classified as a novelette; Nabokov's, as a sketch; Bellow's story is a selection of scenes from his novel, "Dangling Man"; Kaplan's is written from three points of view, including a diary, and Trilling's, in addition to the obvious disqualification of its length—short stories are short—fails to follow the conventions in another important respect: it supplants the artifice of "building up" dramatic situations by the subtler method of pursuing a theme for its intrinsic interest. None of these stories is in any sense an experiment with language or form; and yet, by adapting form to theme, by overstepping the four-square, tidy, grim and sterile little properties observed by The New Yorker and Good Housekeeping, they show what the proper uses of freedom are in raising expression from a living death.

Carson McCullers' and Vladimir Nabokov's stories are mannered, and lean, ever so heavily, in the direction of the grotesque—not for the mere fascination of it, but also for calculated effect. Miss McCullers' mannerisms, however, are often indistinguishable from her best insights, which, as in a remarkable passage on the psychology of love, they do not, on the whole, obscure. Nabokov tends to be a bore. But since both stories are literate, their presence in this collection would be enough to set it apart from some of the recent ones.

To my greater liking are the three other stories I have mentioned. These deal with more or less the same theme: the alienation of the intellectual from society and his disintegration in a hostile environment. The symbolism of Saul Bellow's story is drawn from the suspension of all normal relationships before army induction. The props of his hero's life fall away, and he becomes more and more involved in his alienation as he tries to examine it. H. J. Kaplan's story draws a double focus on the outsider by dealing with a poet, a man withdrawn by nature, and a Negro cult leader, withdrawn by an effort of will, who has embraced Islam and therefore considers himself exempt from draft registration. Lionel Trilling's story, describing the relationship of a teacher to his students, analyzes the obligation of intelligence to exert a guiding influence on life, and its limitations when confronted by madness. All three stories show a mature sense of values and a narrative skill that passes from writing into literature.

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social criticism in a form both more subtle and powerful than the naïve naturalism of the proletarian tradition. And while it is by no means obvious that a literature of alienation is possible, it is nevertheless an encouraging thing to find alienation treated in the short story, which has so frequently taken everything for granted. Nor are the zealous nationalists justified in raising the charge of irresponsibility against this literature. Bellow's story, for example, is a far more positive assessment of man's responsibilities than Irwin Shaw's "The Veterans Reflect" (Accent). In fictional disguise, and with a mawkish intensity that passes for earnestness, Shaw's story offers up a practical guide to intelligent conduct at the polls; it has every correct pragmatic hint and political twist—but remains all pretzel and not a crumb of bread. A literature of complete submission, regardless of the politics espoused, is absolutely impossible.

But whatever the internal difficulties serious literature must overcome, these are nothing compared to the obstacles that confront it from without. Thus, no review of Miss Foley's collection would be complete without mention of the preview Bennett Cerf gave it in his "Trade Winds" in the July 1 issue of The Saturday Review of Literature. After seeing a copy of the table of contents, the publisher of Marcel Proust (in a column otherwise devoted to gossip, limericks and gamey anecdotes) objected to the over-representation of "little" magazines. Six stories apiece are taken from The New Yorker and Harper's Bazaar. Mr. Cerf has no quarrel here, for "both of these magazines publish superior fiction and pay handsomely for it." But the rest of the list is "passing strange." There are three stories each from Partisan Review and Accent, two each from Story, Tomorrow and Mademoiselle, one each from The Yale Review, The Southwestern Review, Kenyon Review and The New Mexico Quarterly. "Miss Foley went slumming for her last two selections: one of them is from The Atlantic Monthly and the other—oh horrors—from Collier's." The publisher of W. H. Auden simply cannot believe that big magazines such as Good Housekeeping, The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, Red Book, etc., did not run a single story worthy of inclusion among the year's best. "What unutterable nonsense." His faith in larger periodicals is evidently based on the fact that they pay well. "We are naïve enough to believe that a student who can learn to write stories for the twenty-five-dollar market can learn to write them for the big magazines too—without sacrificing one iota of his integrity or 'prostituting his art'." He has therefore persuaded the editor of Good Housekeeping to undertake the compilation of a book of short stories on a "brand-new-principle"—it will contain only stories published in magazines with a circulation in excess of half a million. "The tentative title is 'Editor's Choice'. This volume may even be adopted as a text in some college short-story courses" (advt.). When one of the country's most successful commercial publishers calls commercialism a "brand-new principle" he must certainly know what he is talking about. It must be something entirely new, or he would recognize an advertisement when he himself has written one. And in fact it is something new when the man respon-

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ISAAC ROSENFELD

Contributors

J. DONALD KINGSLEY, professor of Government at Antioch College, is editor of The Antioch Review. His most recent book, "Representative Bureaucracy," is to be published in November.

R. M. CUNNINGHAM JR. has done editorial and publicity work in the medical and hospital fields in Chicago for the past seven years. He has been an associate editor of Hygeia since 1941, and before that worked for the Blue Cross hospitalization-insurance plan.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL was born in Germany in 1897, and has had a varied career as editor, newspaperman and Central European publicity manager for American and German film companies. Since the advent of Hitler, he has devoted his time to political writing and anti-Nazi activities. His books include "The German People versus Hitler" and "The Other Germany." With Hans Siebert, he is completing a history of the German Youth Movement and the problem of reëducation, for English publication by Lindsay Drummond.

GRANVILLE HICKS is the author of several books of criticism, fiction and biography. His new novel, "Behold Trouble," is to be published by Macmillan on November 14.

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE, a political refugee from Italy, has contributed articles and reviews to Partisan Review, Politics and View. He is an editor of the Italian-language bi-monthly, Italia Libera.

CONRAD AIKEN is the author of many books of verse and a former Pulitzer Prize winner. A new poem, "The Soldier," is being published by New Directions next month.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN is professor of American Literature and History at Harvard. His new book, "Henry James: The Major Phase," will be published by the Oxford University Press early in November.

OSCAR WILLIAMS is the editor of a new anthology, "New Poems: 1944," just published by Howell, Soskin. He is the author of a book of verse, "The Man Coming Toward You," and his poetry has appeared in Horizon, The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Bazaar, The Nation and The New Republic.

ALFRED KAZIN, a contributing editor of The New Republic, is the author of a book on modern American prose literature, "On Native Grounds," published last year by Reynal and Hitchcock. He is now teaching at Black Mountain College.

CATHERINE BAUER is living in Boston and working on a historical and political analysis of the movements for city and regional planning, housing and modern architecture in the United States.

ISAAC ROSENFELD, formerly an assistant editor of The New Republic, is completing his first novel, "Through a Glass Darkly," to be published by Dial Press in the early spring.

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